

The Liberty Bell.







THE

# Liberty Bell.

BY

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

"It is said that the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, double moche when they here the Bells ringen: and this is the cause why the Bells ben ringen, when a great tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee. —*The Golden Legend, by Wynkyn de Worde.*

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## Henrietta, the Bride.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

DURING the hottest weather of a summer long gone by, the dress-makers of London were in a pitiable state of worry and exhaustion. The Queen, — wife of Charles II., had introduced a sort of Bloomer costume which fixed all eyes ; and, of course, all female hearts were set on having a

suit like the Queen's. Her Majesty had appeared in the Park with a white-laced waistcoat or jacket, and a crimson short petticoat, and a little hat with a feather. After this, there was no rest for the dress-makers till every lady had her short petticoat and jacket. The gentlemen professed themselves scandalized, — not at the petticoat, but at the ladies buttoning their jackets up to the throat, as men button their coats in cold weather. We hear something also of periwigs under the hats ; but this, which seems to us the only objectionable part of the dress (and it was a part not worn by the Queen) seems to have passed without challenge in those days of frizzled pates. Amidst the pressure on the dress-makers, the brides claimed to be the first served ; and the claim was allowed ; for it was clearly impossible for young ladies to be married till their wardrobes were prepared after the newest fashion : but it became more and more difficult to supply even the brides ; for the apprentices, and the dress-makers themselves were dying very fast,

— some said, with heat and fatigue, — others said with something worse. The fact was, — the Plague was in London, and spreading fast, though nobody in the fashionable world chose to own it. The physicians, seeing what would please, and believing alarm to be dangerous, denied the fact in genteel houses, though they swallowed a lump of spicy electuary when they rose in the morning, and went their rounds with lozenges in their mouths, and kept a flask of Canary wine handy, to fortify themselves when exhausted. They let the world know of these precautions afterwards ; but at the time, they seemed to deride all apprehensions, and helped to cry “ Peace ! peace ! ” when there was no peace.

Miss Henrietta Holmes was one of the intended brides of that summer, and for her were many needles plied, till one apprentice after another dropped from her stool, or failed to come to work in the morning. The gay girl knew nothing of this ; for her lover kept from her knowledge all he

could of the spread of the plague ; and her parents kept it from themselves. They were very happy ; and they did not like to think of any disturbance. Charles Osborn, her lover, had scarcely any fear. He and his beloved were as healthful as people could well be ; and everybody thought they carried long life in their faces. Unless by some accident from an over-adventurous spirit, they seemed as secure as youth, strength, energy, and gay hearts could make them.

The wedding-day arrived. There was a great dinner at two o'clock. All the relations who were in London were present ; and the clergyman, and the family physician, and some intimate friends besides. Henrietta was, that day, a sight to make the most melancholy person cheerful. Her round, rosy face and dimpled chin gave her the air of being younger than she was ; and she looked too childlike to be a bride. She was rallied and toasted rather too much as a child, Charles thought, by some of her father's friends ; but they had

dandled her as a babe, and had forgotten the lapse of years. Just before her mother and the other ladies left the table, Charles observed that Henrietta looked uncomfortable for a moment, and shivered slightly, as if from cold. He ordered the door which led down to the garden to be closed ; and observed that a draught of air was more to be avoided on hot days when it was pleasantest, than on occasions when nobody liked it. Henrietta thanked him with a smile, and presently withdrew, followed by mother and aunts, all eager to dress her for the ceremony of the evening.

It was her mother who put the finishing hand to her dress by fastening the embroidered jacket, and arranging the lace ruff within it. While doing this, the mother became suddenly silent, — turned the girl round to face the light, — unfastened a jewelled button or two, — and then, in a constrained voice, asked her daughter how she thought she should go through the ceremony, — whether she felt strong and at ease.

“O yes,” replied Henrietta, “I shall get through very well. Why not?”

“If you feel in the least anxious, or faint, or weak, my dear, let me know, and you shall have a cordial which will strengthen your heart.”

“Talk of cordials,” said an aunt, “to a girl with a cheek like this!” patting it fondly. “She is fresh as a rose. She wants no cordials.”

But Henrietta did not say so.

“Better give her a little cordial,” said another aunt. “A girl may need it on such a day as this who never did before, and never may again. Besides, I saw her shiver before we left the table.”

“Henrietta,” said her mother, nervously fastening the buttons again, “are you well? Tell me.”

“Yes, mother;—that is, very nearly indeed. Only just a little sick.”

“Very natural, I am sure,” said everybody.

“We will ask Dr. Hodges about the cordial;” and the mother was going to call him, when

Henrietta stopped her, laughing. She would not have a word to say to any doctor, as a doctor. She was well now, — quite well ; — the little qualm had passed, — was altogether gone.

Dr. Hodges came, however. He was told that Henrietta felt slightly unwell. In spite of himself, he looked grave, till he had felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, and so forth. Then, with a really cheerful face, — for he loved the girl as if she had been his daughter, — he told her it was only a little nervousness, natural enough on such a day. She had not lost her appetite, he had observed at dinner ; her pulse was steady, her complexion was natural, her breathing easy, and she had no pain : — he would venture to call her perfectly well ; and in this, she laughingly agreed. Once more, her mother turned her towards the light, unfastened her dress, put aside the lace ruff, and watched the physician's countenance. He knew it ; and he commanded his countenance well. The specks he

saw were minute and few ; but their character was not to be mistaken.

He wished himself a hundred miles off. He would fain have had those little marks on his own breast rather than go through what he saw must happen that night. But he would not leave the scene. He was called away to a case more advanced than hers ; but he hastened back, in time to witness the ceremony. He saw her married ; and his composure no doubt removed the fears of the mother ; for all was done cheerfully, — merrily ; and, when the guests sat down to the evening banquet, no one but himself seemed to see that Death was of the company. As soon as the table was cleared, however, the ladies withdrew ; for the bride could not conceal that she was oppressed with headache. After that, all was gloom and terror. When the poor girl's frantic cries were heard from up stairs, the one low groan from the bridegroom sent everybody away. The young husband could not stay beside his bride ;

for she did not know him. While he cooled her head, she cried out for him, with so agonized a cry that he could not bear it. From the door he actually heard the palpitations of her heart. By midnight, mortification had set in on that fair breast where the small purple specks had caught her mother's eye. The first passengers in the early morning saw the house shut up, and the red cross on the door ; and no one was within but the old woman who made her harvest of tending the dead. She called from the window ; the dead-cart came. The old woman made a plentiful morning meal of the remains of the wedding feast ; made a bundle of the rich dress of the bride, holding that lace ruff to the light with admiration, before she folded it up for her bundle, locked the door after her as she went out, and left the abode where there had been so much mirth yesterday, and where nothing was now heard but the rustle of the mice, which came boldly forth to revel in the fragments of the good cheer.

The incidents of those days are immortalized by their being erected into a type of horrible and inevitable fate ; and above all other incidents, that of the little purple stains on the breast. We read and talk of the Plague-spot so familiarly that we have almost lost sight of what it means. It would be well to reconsider it, and dwell upon it. If there is such a thing, for instance, as a State with an established vice in it ; — if we know of such a thing as a Democratic Republic with a deep-seated Tyranny in the midst of it, and call that tyranny a plague-spot, we had better ponder what that phrase truly means, and what it certainly forebodes. It is idle to take our eyes from it because the thoughtless exult in the vigorous youth of that State, in its bloom of promise, — in the opening before it of a new and blessed career. If the plague-spot is there, the bloom and the promise will vanish like the dew and the delicate beauty of the desert-flower when the simoom is on the way. Decay and putrescence are at hand.

And is there no escape?—There have been instances of recovery from the plague; one case among ten thousand. But in that one case, the stain has been at once recognized as a plague-spot, and instant and vigorous treatment has followed. Wherever the sufferer has concealed and denied the token, — wherever he has rushed forth into the street, declaring himself well, shouting forth his confidence, and mocking the pity and horror of the world that looked on; — in every such case, perdition has overtaken him, and his self-will has been his ironical epitaph, engraven on the memories of all survivors.

Ambleside, July 8, 1852.

## Petra ; or, a Song of the Desert.

BY E. FOXTON.

SET in crags of lurid red,  
Yawns a city of the dead.  
O'er them fiery Asia's sun  
Hurls his headlong splendors down.  
Many-horned, with planted feet,  
Up they toss the dizzy heat,  
Till, in all, the shrinking eye  
Only sees one blazing sky.

Through the midst those crags are rent.  
Through them drops the blank descent.  
Lo, midway 'twixt sky and ground,  
All with grand amazement crowned,  
Piles, by viewless workmen hewn,  
Starting through the living stone !

Here and there, above, below,  
Niche, façade, and portico,  
Pyramid with blunted head,  
Climbing stair, and colonnade,  
And, their graven fronts among,  
Words in a forgotten tongue !

Call them palaces, not tombs !  
Surely these some princely gnomes  
Fashioned for their king's abode,  
Then heaved aloft their gorgeous load,  
And, drunk with joy, elate and vain,  
Rent the earth's rough crust amain,  
And left a chink that that sharp spy,  
Quick-prating Fancy, might descry,  
And straight to envying man unfold  
The glories of the centre old.

Tombs they were. Thy lonely search  
Follow through yon shady arch,

Through each gaping, ghastly, street ;  
Once their tenants' happy seat  
Stood beside the rushing river,  
Stood as if to stand forever.  
There in careless merriment  
Royally their days they spent,  
Sports, and feasts, and jollity,  
Served by slaves on bended knee.  
When their joys had reached their term,  
Royally they served the worm,  
Garnishing with rocky wreath  
Their grinning loathsomeness beneath.

To the grave their pomp was brought,  
And their viol's noise to naught.  
Silence deaf their watcher sat ;  
For her cresset hung the bat.  
For their Tyrian curtains spread  
Naked rock around each bed.  
Rock beneath, and rock beside,  
Lay the pampered sons of pride,

As the world's meek Saviour lay,  
Till angels rolled the stone away.

Thrice the bones outlast the breath.  
The longest life's a babe to Death.  
Wide-strown ruin marks the scene  
Of their blithe three-score and ten.  
Wing'd ages scarce, with harmless plume,  
Fan their last fair house of gloom.

Yet their very bones are gone.  
The rock confronts the sky alone,  
Save for the narrow valley green,  
Pent these rugged walls between.  
All is strange, and all is still ;  
Save the murmur of the rill  
Vending — oriental trade —  
Water at the tamarisk shade,  
Or chaffering with the banterer free,  
The rosy oleander-tree,  
For some floating tresses more  
To deck the wave they swept before ;

And the Arab boy, half seen  
Through the wild-vine's tent of green,  
Watching drowsily his flocks  
From his nook among the rocks.

---

Fast among men's hearths and homes  
Lies a desert filled with tombs ;  
And their noisome cells surround  
Souls in stony durance bound,  
Souls whose bodies play their part  
In the field, the church, the mart.  
By them runs life's busy din,  
But no sound can enter in.  
Enters not the morning light,  
Not the starry calm of night.  
Fiends have set their watch full sure,  
Fiends have sealed the massy door,  
And without that rigid vail, —  
Mid those rocks of Moussa's vale,\*

---

\* The Arabic name of this valley of tombs is Wady-Moussa, or the vale of Moses.

As the vine with tendrils deft  
Sought, and found no entrance-cleft, —  
Hangs, in unprevailing strife,  
Human love on human life.

Who hath might to rend apart  
The stone that closes o'er the heart ?  
Long may watchers weep and wait,  
For that stone is very great.  
Faith and Hope, linked hand in hand,  
With heavenward eyes expectant stand,  
Meek and lonely, as of yore  
The Maries, at the sepulchre.  
Hard and grim its brow is knit,  
All with grim hard records writ.  
Who their import dark shall say ?  
Who shall roll the stone away ?

Fasts and vigils give the art  
To read the language of the heart.  
Read me then, thou well-met seer,  
Somewhat of the records here,

Revealing thence, if thence thou may,  
Who shall roll the stone away.

Here lies one, whose mighty youth  
Glowed with eloquence and truth.  
High on Zion's summit dim  
Waves the palm that grew for him.  
A poisoned sheep at Zion's foot  
Sank he, at a laurel's root.  
Dead to glory, dead to shame,  
Laid him here the Lust of Fame.  
When their anthems shake the sphere,  
Seraphs stop in mid-career  
On their humming harps to hear ;  
Vainly bends each earthward ear.  
Numbing silence fills the place  
Of — voice so dear to heavenly race —  
Manhood's, with a manly mind  
Pleading with, and for, mankind.  
Soars no more its echoing tone.  
Hollow sounds the rumbling stone.

Shall the silence last for aye ?

Who shall roll the stone away ?

Nature erst with liberal plan  
 Framed, endowed, and stamped a man.  
 Victim of a brother Cain,  
 The noble creature here lies slain ;  
 Slain its nobler part doth lie,  
 Sepulchred by Tyranny ;  
 Gloom around it, tenfold gloom  
 O'er the world beyond the tomb ;  
 And Rage and, in its trail, Remorse  
 Gnaw, sharp-toothed worms, its helpless corse.  
 In its stead a slave survives,  
 Wretched engine, plies not lives.  
 So he still God's likeness wears,  
 Hewing wood, and water bears.  
 Let his rightful master lie  
 Sepulchred by Tyranny,  
 And blindfold Virtue leagued with Sin,  
 Bid us help to hold him in !

Move his lips, but not to pray.  
Who shall roll the stone away ?

Here was laid this spirit dead  
By Despair, his lady wed.  
Foe thrice-sworn to care and strife,  
Through the summer of his life,  
Like a lightsome bird roved he  
From bank to bank and tree to tree,  
Nor timely learned to wing his flight  
Where reigns th' eternal Life and Light.  
Ne'er his joys' flush haste could brook  
The hindrance of one filial look  
To the bending heaven above,  
In whose warm and fostering love  
His merry world was lapped and cherished ;  
Fell the leaves, and summer perished.  
Quaking sapling, shrub, and tree,  
In winter's thin white livery,  
Twinkled back the kindly light,  
Pointing to its birth-place bright.

But his fixed and earthward eye  
 Saw hope's blossoms fruitless die.  
 While the ice-clad cypress well  
 Of those buried hopes the knell  
 Tolloed with cold and crystal clank,  
 Stiffened, deaf, and blind he sank ;  
 And a mound of sealing snows  
 O'er his heavy tomb-stone rose.  
 Sun thaws not these drifts so gray.  
 Who shall roll the stone away ?

Mammon reared this gilded stone  
 O'er a well-beloved son.  
 For him your bitterest tears be shed,  
 The neighbor's soul, the patriot's, dead,  
 Who once, without two mites to give,  
 Would fast to bid the famished live,  
 Or cloakless brave the winter's wrack,  
 To thatch the aged beggar's back,  
 And tear the bribing merchant's note,  
 And keep unsoiled his honest vote !

He sees no more fair Freedom's pains,  
Languishing in golden chains.  
Where his buried soul doth sleep,  
Widows bowed and orphans weep.  
His widowed wife and orphaned seed,  
Dowered and portionèd with need,  
Starve in more than outward dearth,  
Starved their hearts and lone their hearth ;  
And his boyhood's friend unheard  
Calls him from Want's dungeon barred.  
Who their anguish shall allay ?  
Who shall roll the stone away ?

This soul, ere youth had danced its round,  
Slumbered on the Enchanted Ground,  
All unmindful of the cost,  
Till the light of life was lost.  
Lulled with song of groves and streams,  
And syrens soft, to venomèd dreams,  
It laughing Folly hither bore ;  
And Habit straight made fast the door.

Then it woke ! It woke to see  
 The blackness of its misery !  
 Woke to grope the wierdly gloom  
 Of a living-buried doom !  
 Tiptoe prim Morality,  
 In white large-bordered garments, by,  
 When for ruth and aid it cried,  
 Passed it on the other side.  
 How it scours its evil lair,  
 Frightened by the darkness there ;  
 Knocks and shrieks, poor soul ! — for day !  
 Who shall roll the stone away ?

Here — Nay, peace ! Thy task give o'er !  
 Read, for I will hear, no more !  
 If it only serve to show  
 These hidden things of shame and wo,  
 Nor faintest thrill of hope impart,  
 Worse than vain thy boasted art !  
 Seest thou mid these hideous glooms  
 No spirits rising from their tombs ?

All too long the watchers wait.  
Still the stone is fixed as fate.  
Send, great God, thy thunders down.  
Naught below can rend this stone.

Over stone-bound sprites I grope,  
Oft as now, and find no hope ;  
And, dwelling mid these lonely glooms,  
Once I sat among the tombs  
From the pale first glow of day  
To its latest drowning ray,  
In vain ; but when the midnight thickened,  
Mine inner ear the darkness quickened,  
Till, choking down my heart's loud beat,  
I heard the angels' stealthy feet.  
They love to do their good, I ween,  
As God doth His, unheard, unseen.  
With glee suppressed I heard them come  
Whispering downward from their home ;  
And round me seemed the stones to roll  
From many a gasping rising soul,

And, after, many a still small voice,  
To bid th' enfranchised ones rejoice.

Thus, by Night and Silence trained,  
My sharpened sense the skill hath gained  
To catch, — while through his sunshine bright  
Tramps shouting Noon, — their flutterings light ;  
And in the statesman's protest, flung  
In the teeth of honored Wrong,  
In the prate of Infancy,  
In the preacher's homily,  
In Confession's faltering breath,  
In the stifled moan of Death,  
Or the solemn swell of prayer  
Stealing on the hallowed air,  
Where some sweet and saintly tongue  
Pleadeth for the listening throng,  
Thus I hear, from day to day,  
Angels roll some stones away.

Cambridge, Mass , October, 1852.

## A Breeze from Lake Ontario.

BY CAROLINE HEALEY DALL.

"With a noble aim,  
To dare as nobly, is there harm in that?"

PROMETHEUS BOUND.

"Oh, holy knowledge, holy liberty,  
O holy rights of nations! If I speak  
These bitter things against the jugglery  
Of days, that in your name proved blind and weak,  
It is that tears are bitter."

"Bitter things I write  
Because my soul is bitter for your sake,  
Oh Freedom!"

CASA GUIDI WINDOWS.

It was a gusty afternoon. A cold heavy wind from the Lake lifted the dry snow, and hurled it like small pebbles in one's face. Not many things would have tempted me, weak and shivering, from my fireside; but because I was an American, and

had a freeman's work to do, I wrapt myself up and went out. The door bell had been ringing incessantly all the morning. A full score of colored fugitives had presented their claims, for food, money, or clothing, as their necessities dictated. I did not dare to send them away, as I do the white beggars that swarm to my gate on the least encouragement, neither could I relieve them on the instant. They were a motley crew ; some of suspiciously unsteady gait or odoriferous breath, some of indolent make and lazier habits. One woman, I felt quite sure, had borrowed the baby which she dandled in a manner so mysteriously uncomfortable. I listened to the stories of all, took down their names, residences, and occupations, and promised to seek them out. One or two cases seemed urgent, so as soon as an early dinner would permit, I was on my way to the quarter designated. All the afternoon I wandered back and forth, within these limits, without being able to identify one of my applicants. Many a happy family I saw, many

a chubby black child volunteered to be my guide, and led me from one house to another in prosecution of my anxious search. Into many a narrow lane, close yard, and forgotten by-way, did I penetrate that stormy afternoon, where, as I afterward found, the "lady with a spy-glass" formed the topic of harmless gossip for many a subsequent month. Wholly discouraged, just as the sun was going down behind the gleaming lake, I bethought me of a neighboring grocery, where I might ask some questions. It was kept by a tidy little English woman, who knew nothing of those I sought.

"But, madam," said she, observing my weary look, "There are plenty of the fugitives, and if you have anything to spare them, it would be a mercy. There is one old woman who comes here quite often. She was here just now, and told me she had no wood." "What is her name, and what do you know of her?" I asked. "Her name is Eliza Thomas," replied the woman, "and I know nothing of her, but that she is honest and

very poor. I keep this little shop, and I cannot afford to give much — that little I wish to bestow where it will do the most good. So, when these suffering black people come along, I just trust them for a little sugar or tea. If they are dishonest, I never see them again, and I do not lose much. If they come back, I often find it in my power to do them a great deal of good, by giving them short credit.” “And Eliza Thomas?”

“She always pays, ma’am, and very promptly, too; but this cold winter is almost too much for her.” I looked hesitatingly at the sky. The inferior streets in Toronto are seldom numbered, and there were in this direction, few landmarks by which I might be guided. After a fruitless search of half an hour, it grew very dark, and I returned to the little shop. Giving its mistress my name, I told her to send the old woman to me, whenever she appeared. The next day it stormed heavily. I sat by my nursery fire, the children playing about me, and the everlasting stocking basket at

my side. It was near twelve o'clock, when, after a light rap on the door, it slowly opened to admit the bowed, half frozen frame of one of the blackest women I remember to have seen. She wore a warm, quaint looking plaid, and a close black silk hood. My little boy placed a chair for her by the stove, and when she was warm enough to talk, both he and my baby girl listened, awestruck, to the broken accents which told the following story. "Are you a Guinea negro?" was my first question, for that shrivelled frame might well have seen more than a century. "No, missis," she answered, "but my granny was, and a thousand times blacker than I, though I dare say young master, there, thinks I'm black enough. They ketched her—la! I've heerd her tell many a time, how she left her babies sleeping in her hut, while her husband was gone away to fish. She warn't afraid of nothing, and she went down to the shore a-gathering broom-sedge. The pirates had spread bright-colored kerchiefs over the bushes.

They stuck to the thorns, and while she was a-pulling of 'em off, they bound her hands, and carried her away to the hold of the ship. Many a dead body was lifted from her side and flung overboard during the long, hot voyage ; but she lived, lived to see more children of hern, in old Virginy."

"And where were you born?" "In Maryland, missis. In Frederick County, fourteen miles from Noland's ferry. It was old Ginerel Nelson's place, and I was Miss Jenny's maid. They were good people and kind to me. But at last a Mr. Waters come along, and my young missis was married, and I went with her to Georgetown. Mr. Waters was a Methodist, and his church forbid him to hold a Slave, unless he freed her when she come of age. But after I had nussed Miss Jenny's four babies, she died away like a rose in the summer, and old Col. Hook, of Frederick County, who had bought my mother, come down to buy me, too. My time was not quite out, and

massa made him promise that he would free me, just as soon as ever it was. And so he would, for he was a man of his word, but the very day after we got back to the county, he was caught in a saw-mill, and drawn out like a plank. I saw him myself a-lying on the grass, and you could n't tell he 'd ever been a man. Them was awful times for us. There was an auction, and we were poor ignorant things, and did not know *how much of oursels* we owned."

"Was there any other so sadly off as yourself?" I asked. "Oh, yes, there was a-many that ought to have gone free, only the son had no conscience. There was my husband, Josh Gowins. If Col. Hook had a-lived, he would n't a-had but three year to work, but he was sold at the block, jis like the cattle, and stript half naked that they might see he was strong. But the Lord was merciful. Gin'ral Sam Ringold, of Washington County, bought us both, and our five children, so that we

need n't be separate. I dare say you knowd Gin'ral Sam?"

"Yes, I knew General Ringgold; his son was killed in the Mexican war!" "The very same; a terrible stroke that. All our hearts ached for old missis. But I was away long before that. Here I spun and sewed and quilted and lived comfortable, for they treated me well, they did. I had two children, but they died. It was no matter for that, they went free to Heaven. The Gin'ral died, and there was another auction, and they sold one of my girls away from me. My husband was dead, and they sent me away to ole Virginny, with four children. Two on 'em went, I do n't know where, and two on 'em went with me to Tokay County, to ole Sam Hit. It's a cussèd place, that ole Virginny, and there I was worked to the death. I married Harry Thomas, who was ole Missis Carter's boy. I had three children, but I only raised one. The beasts in the field could n't a-raised their young, worked

as I was worked. Early and late, on those cold mountain sides, I carried stone, with a sheep-skin apron on, I dug an ice house, and as I was the only woman he had, I tended sixteen cows and a hundred pigs, all through one cold winter, freezing my ears and feet, many 's the time. I was whipped to death, missis, that I was, and the scars 'll go to the grave with me. Never *before*, if I 've a tongue in my head."

"That was hard, indeed," I interrupted. "Hard ! missis, 't was t' other side of hard ; but the Lord did n't forget me. My husband was twenty years older than me, and his ole missis thought she might die, and leave him to a hard master, so she gave him a pass and hurried him off to Hagarstown. He would n't go without me, missis, may the Lord forever bress his ole bones for that ! I had a daughter in Hagarstown. She was free by right, but her missis married an ole scamp jis before she died. Then everything went to pot, and they sold my girl right in the face of

the will, to pay the debts, and not her missis' debts either. Well, I went right to her, and they guessed I would, and so they ketched me easy."

"How did they treat you then?" "No worse, they could n't. They chained my legs together, and beat me dreadful. But after six months or so, they got tired, and then Missis Carter sent for me. 'Eliza,' says she, 'why did n't you go off with Harry?' 'I could n't, ma'am,' says I, 'they ketched me.' So she wrote me a pass as she lay on her bed, and that blessed night I was off to Hagarstown again. I had a hard time of it though, for my ole man was a-waiting for me further on, at Harrisburg."

"How old are you?" I asked, suddenly, for I could scarce reconcile the energy with which the old woman spoke, with her withered face and crone-like figure. "I've been treated so, missis, I've forgot all my knowledge. I can't think, no how, but when I was in Hagarstown, I went to my young missis. She is seventy-one. She was Miss

Kitty Nelson, and she married a Lawrence, and she told me, I was seventy-five, and that 's all I know."

"Poor creature," said I, "you have suffered a great deal." "A deal, missis, a deal. You see they hated me so, and yet it was n't me they hated ; but nothing could beat them Hits for natural spite ! And so, you see, missis, eight years ago, we got safe to New York, where my old man took care of gardens up town, and I found friends among the ladies. Then this dreadful law was passed, and Harry said, please God, I 'll set my foot in Canada ; but he was upwards of ninety, and it was n't easy moving. We came in the spring. They cheated us, on the road. My daughter and her boy died, and we got carried round to Hamilton. We was a long time getting here, and then this winter there was no work but chopping. Feeble as he was, — and nobody 's spry at ninety, — my ole man walked three miles out into the woods, at five every morning, and never came back for his dinner till it was

dark. Every week I kept hoping I'd get some money, but they would n't give him any till he'd chopped twenty cords, and long before that he was down with the rheumatis. Now he can't lift his hand to his head, and I have to work or beg for both; but he did n't forsake me, and I'll never forsake him, God Almighty help me," and the poor old thing burst into tears.

My children listened sadly, and before I could speak, my golden-haired Lily, a little more than two years old, gathered up the bright-colored beans, with which she was playing, and poured them into her lap. Little could her childish heart take in the tale of misery to which they had listened, but her quick eye penetrated to the need of food, and she said imploringly, "Take these, poor old aunty, and put them in your pot, and stew the old man some soup." "Lord love you, darling," said the old woman, drying her eyes, "Lord love you, I have whole bags of peas and beans in the house, but if I was starving, I

could n't touch them, for I brought them for seed, and please God, when the weather turns warm, I'll find a bit of ground, somewhere, and raise finer beans than these, my baby."

Those who have followed my story thus far, will be glad to know that flannels and food were soon provided for this feeble pair, and that God *did please* to let them raise still finer beans than those. She and her husband still live, crippled by the rheumatism contracted in their terrible journey, and the exposures of that terrible winter. Contrary to my usual practice, I have preserved in this sketch the true names of Eliza's owners. They give, in this case, the air of verity, which her tale requires, being persons well known throughout the Union, and for the most part beloved by their dependents. As for "them Hits," may their "natural spite" sustain them under the mortification! It is not always those who have bad owners, who suffer most under a system like this, and it is my purpose to show, that the accidents against which

Slavery cannot provide, are pregnant with sufferings quite as severe as those it distinctly authorizes or encourages. It is not in Slave States alone that colored people are wronged for their color's sake. Instead of being brought from Lewiston to Toronto, by the Lake, a short and pleasant journey, Eliza Thomas and her aged husband were guided to Hamilton, and thence worked their way by land to Toronto. Beset by all the difficulties with which Canadian cupidity could surround them, and losing a feather for every question they asked, they reached this city impoverished and distracted. It is not uncommon to hear fugitives say that they wish they had never left the "ole quarter;" but old and feeble as the Thomases are, I have never been able to tempt, cajole, nor delude them into saying, that they regretted the step they had taken. "Please God," the old woman will say, "we can't suffer no more. If we have but one meal a day, we can die in peace. Blessed are they, who lay down by the road. Blessed also they, whom

He has kept alive. I'm glad I've come, missis, — glad!" Nor can the States throw a single stone at their Canadian sister in this matter. A year ago, a faithful elderly woman, for several years a servant in my own family, started to come from Boston to Toronto, to take charge of two infant children. Their mother, a member of the same Methodist church as herself, had, dying, left them to her care. Her friends in Boston told her that as she was old and alone, it would be better for her to take a seat in the first class cars. She did so, and reached Albany comfortably. At Albany she bought a first class ticket for Buffalo, but after waiting several hours, after the train had left, she was told *at the office*, that no first class train would leave for several days. She was too ignorant to know that this could not be true, and as freight that belonged to her had gone on to Buffalo, she allowed herself to be placed in an emigrant car. A kindly German woman seated her on the top of a blue chest, and offered her rosy-

cheeked apples, to cheer the way. Her trunk, containing nearly all that she was worth in the world, was lost upon the road, and her carpet-bag was stolen from her in Buffalo, where she arrived in a flooding rain, by a man who offered to take care of it. She reached this place, lame and heart-sick. The trunk was subsequently recovered, through my agency, but the bag she never saw again.

Could "them Hits" have shown more "natural spite" than the Northern man who wilfully deluded this patient, loving child of God? "The church will quake when a strong man treads its floor," said, not long ago, an eloquent friend of the Slave. So may the State, and children of the Pilgrim Fathers, who feel the blood of the martyred Rogers, and the stalwart Miles Standish, run tingling through their veins, may well rejoice when a strong voice shakes the walls of our Senate chamber.

Right glad am I, being such an one, to recog-

nize the pointed, sarcastic emphasis of Horace Mann, — the noble Christian argument of Charles Sumner. Let us thank God that Massachusetts had two such sons, to send to the National Councils ; two, of whose scholarship and manly power, of whose various accomplishment and deep religious sense of right, the oldest State of the oldest continent might well be proud. Methinks if I had seen Charles Sumner “ seize his right,” if I had heard those calm and noble words fall well and wisely from his lips, I should have felt as if one of the Fathers of the Republic had risen from his grave, to shame her with the bitter fact of her degeneracy. I could have wished to share his privilege and utter words that a century hence will be all that is remembered of the session of 1851 and 1852. As Abolitionists, let us thank God, that with a clear conscience, he could stand there before the nations, and lift up a protesting voice. Let us thank God that words were spoken there and then, containing the vital truths of the All-Father, words

that however it may seem to us, or them, will do their work before they die, with every man who heard them.

I believe with Mr. Sumner, that the framers of the Constitution would have disowned the idea of framing a Pro-Slavery compact. I believe with Mr. Sumner that the great men whom the nation first worshipped, were true to the ideal of freedom. I follow in perfect sympathy every one of his statements with regard to the framing and the interpreting of all the articles in question ; but what does this avail us practically ? Of what consequence is it, that Washington and Jefferson, Madison and Franklin were true men, if their descendants in the third generation have proved false ? Of what use to have an Anti-Slavery constitution, if it receive nothing but a Pro-Slavery interpretation ? And last and saddest, that calls it, *in the present*, to speak true and noble words in the Senate Chamber of the Union, when there are none but Pro-Slavery men to act upon these words ; none but the preju-

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diced and unreasonable to hear them. As it was grand to compel such to hear, it were divine to compel such to receive. Farther still, if they who listened in astonishment to those eloquent words, had been convinced by them, and instantly determined to act upon them, as men acted in the infancy of our Republic, of what avail had it been? We should but repeat the sad story of the last seventy years, re-enact the tragedy of the nation. If we stood once more where Washington stood in theory, our acts of the third generation would again disown our noble ancestry. No, it will not do, to have a Constitution which is not *opposed* to Freedom; we must have one that claims it with emphasis; — it will not answer to have a Constitution which does not approve of Slavery, we must have one that disowns and prohibits it everywhere; and, meanwhile, may God bless and strengthen those, who with true hearts speak true words, and try to rekindle on the long-deseccrated national altar, the ancient vestal flame. Turning from Mr.

Sumner's speech to Mr. Mann's letter to his constituents, which gives the history of the recent growth of the Slave power, our hearts may well sink and die. Die ! that were too easy. God no longer demands a painful death of his saints and martyrs. Oh no ! The harder duty is now a righteous life. Men and women of this century ponder upon its responsibilities. Not long ago, a gentle but true-hearted daughter of Massachusetts, said through streaming tears, " I tremble when I think how much this country needs a national misfortune." As God is just, whatever this country needs it will surely have, and no reflecting man will disown the need or the desert.

Toronto, Canada, Sept. 25, 1852.

## The Slave Mother.

BY EDWIN CHAPMAN.

HUSH thee, my baby, on thy mother's breast ;  
There, pretty dear one, nestle to thy rest ;  
Thou yet art mine by every tender tie  
Of helpless and endearing infancy.  
Thou image of my husband — husband ? no,  
I may not call him husband ; bitter woe  
Will one day fall upon our broken hearts,  
When need or cruelty our union parts.  
Thou image of thy father ! happy name  
Where their own offspring men may boldly claim  
As the free gift of Heaven ! Thou image dear  
Of thy beloved father, dark and drear

Appears thy future, though thou smilest now,  
And God's own seal is stamped upon thy brow.  
Why should'st thou live and grow, mid sport and  
    glee,  
Beguiling my fond heart of misery,  
While I behold thee, heedless of the day  
When they shall bear thee to thy doom away ?  
Why should'st thou twine thee round thy father's  
    soul,  
And e'en his weariness and pain control  
By thy sweet winning ways, thou thoughtless  
    child,  
Thy face all beaming and thy spirits wild ?  
Go ! wither, wail, and die ! thy life is cursed,  
Thy infancy mid keenest anguish nursed !  
I would thou wert not born ! O God, forgive,  
And grant him still beneath my eye to live ;  
Perchance I may preserve him at my side,  
And he may still within my home abide  
For many blessed years ! Father I kneel,  
And all thy goodness now would deeply feel,

And all thy hopes would cherish ! If I sin,  
Pour thou thy Spirit on my soul within,  
And purify me wholly ; let me be  
Submissive as a lisping child to thee.

Hush thee, my baby, on thy mother's breast ;  
There helpless dear one thou may'st safely rest  
Thy future ! still its shadows darkly lower !  
Out of that darkness comes the fatal hour,  
When, filled with boyhood's grace, or manhood's  
strength,

Thou shalt be, sullen, made to stand at length  
To show thy sinews and thy limbs firm knit,  
For life-exhausting labor all too fit.  
How wilt thou bear the cane-field's rugged toil,  
Or dwell beneath the rice-swamp's plashy soil ?  
Wilt thou not curse the Slave that gave thee birth,  
Polluting with her love the shuddering earth ?  
Nay, curse her not, if still she, wretched, live ;  
But that she bore thee, tenderly forgive !

Remember all her tears, her prayers, her love,  
Her hope to meet thee in the realms above,  
Where, from all bondage freed, from strife secure,  
While ages joined to ages shall endure,  
She shall walk with thee through the fields of  
light,  
Where gentle spirits only wander, bright,  
And all the air is love ! O Saviour come  
In God's own time, and take me to thy home !

Hush thee, my baby, on thy mother's breast,  
There sleep in thy unconscious, dewy rest.

Bristol, England, September, 1852.

## Personality.

BY CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

FROM the earliest days of the Anti-Slavery movement until now, this saying has been constantly repeated, "The Abolitionists are evidently sincere and well-meaning people, but they fail of their object, and destroy their own influence, through their harsh language and gross personality." Moreover, it is clear that their conduct in this respect not only brings an ill name upon them, but deprives them of certain substantial advantages, such as the power of speaking in places, and of being heard by persons, at present inaccessible to them. Many a pulpit would have been thrown open to the preachers of Anti-Slavery, and many

a congregation of respectable and influential men would have listened to their words, if they would only have accommodated themselves to the ways of the place, and denounced the sin in abstract generalities that would leave the sinner alike undisturbed, whether he slumbered, mused, or listened. Perhaps they took warning from the usual inefficacy of such preaching. But, be that as it may, these impracticable men pursue their original course, paying no more heed to the warning voices around and behind them than did the princess Perie-zadeh in the Arabian tale, when in pursuit of the talking bird, the singing tree, and the yellow water. Perhaps indeed they saw reason, like the princess, to doubt the friendly purpose of those warnings, but had they believed them *wise*, they would hardly have failed to accept the instruction, even from enemies. It may be useful to some to rehearse the reasons why they originally adopted, and why they still continue the practice of plain speaking.

The Latin proverb, of touching a thing with the needle's point, and the English one, of hitting the nail on the head, express at once the precision and the effectiveness of the thing done. When the Abolitionists found it needful to mention Slavery at all, their obvious course was, not to go "about it and about it," but to go *to it*. Desiring of course both that their words should be understood and should produce an impression, they stated in clear language what the sin in question was, who were its perpetrators, what circumstances made their offence an aggravated one, and what course of repentance and amendment justice required of them. As Nathan to David, they first described the offence, and then said to the offender, "*Thou art the man.*" If David had repelled the parable as a slanderous imputation upon his character, had offered a reward for Nathan's head, and had enacted a law imposing fine and imprisonment upon whoever should interfere with his seduction of wives and murder of their husbands—and if

courtiers and priests had united in saying that though adultery and murder were evils in a State, yet that the meddling of officious prophets made the matter a great deal worse, and that David would have done what was right in the premises if he had been let alone — the parallel with modern times would have been complete.

The practical advantage of this plainness of speech has been manifest to the Abolitionists from the commencement, though their opponents have not ceased magnanimously to warn them that they were injuring their own cause by it. A recent instance exemplifies this effectiveness of direct application of the truth to individuals, so forcibly that it is worth while to mention it.

The Rev. Dr. Joel Parker, well known for many years past as a Pro-Slavery clergyman, formerly in New Orleans and since in Philadelphia, not only bore with perfect quietness the censures of the Abolitionists directed against his class, but even when he was mentioned by name in company

with Drs. Spring, Taylor, Dewey, Rogers of Boston, Bishop Hopkins, and Professor Stuart, he showed no sensibility, thinking, as he said, that the statement which associated him with such names could produce no unfavorable impression upon the public mind. But when, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," he was individually quoted as giving his influence to the support of Slavery, the imputation became too heavy for him to bear ; he said "it was a very different thing when he alone was singled out," and, though unable to disprove his occupancy of a Pro-Slavery position, he availed himself of some inaccuracy in the quotation in Uncle Tom's Cabin, to bring a suit against its author for libel, laying the damages at twenty thousand dollars ; according to that passage of Scripture which saith — "If thy brother offend thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone ; and if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy point ; but if he will not hear thee, send to him one or two lawyers ; and if he

will not hear them, tell it to the court and the jury."

Now if this case should be pushed to trial, it is very possible that a vigorous "putting to the question" of those drawn as jurymen might exclude all Abolitionists from their number, and that a jury might thus be collected of so Pro-Slavery a character as (keeping in mind the distinction between law and equity) to give, on the technical point of inaccuracy of quotation, a verdict of *more* than six and a quarter cents damages. In that case, the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin would suffer a pecuniary penalty for her blunder (a preposterous one indeed, in a civilized country,) of trusting in equity rather than law. This, though a present misfortune, would teach the useful lesson of verbal accuracy in the quotations in her next book, (may it speedily appear.) But meantime, one main purpose of the quotation is accomplished as perfectly as if it had been *literally* correct. A leader in the Pro-Slavery host has been *reached*,

pierced to the quick through the joints of his armadillo mail of indifference. Moreover, he himself, like Samson, has disclosed the secret of his previous security. He could tolerate the imputation of any amount of baseness, if associated in the reproach with those whom the world and the church esteem "good society," but the finger of scorn pointed at him individually and alone was more than he could bear. This fact being found, let Abolitionists "make a note of."

Many people seem to think—or rather to take for granted without thinking—that there is no justice whatever in what they call the "personality" and the "harsh language" of the Abolitionists. They do not object to the most energetic plainness of speech in judicial or political proceedings; they permit the judge to address as a pick-pocket him who has been clearly proved such; and they like their Post or Courier the better for calling the opposite candidate everything but an honest man, even when no particular malefaction

is proved against him. But when the Abolitionists stigmatize unquestionably base conduct *as* base, or designate by name and office one who, under the mask of religion and republicanism, is a traitor at once to Liberty and Christianity, an outcry is immediately raised against them as abusive and libellous.

Abuse (in words) is an accusation not founded in truth. But the Abolitionists not only make just charges against the practisers and defenders of Slavery, but *prove* them just. Their appeal has always been to facts, to reason, and to Christianity. They have proved, by an overwhelming abundance of testimony, these several positions.

That the Slaves are treated with gross injustice by the fact of being held as Slaves, apart from any special additional cruelty.

That the free colored people, North and South, are treated with gross injustice in consequence of the ideas which Slavery generates and perpetuates respecting their race.

That the people of the North lose some of their most unquestionable and most important rights as citizens of the United States, by the means used to defend Slavery.

That, since Slavery is the very antipodes of Republicanism, the open practice of it, and the sophistical reasoning which is openly used in its defence are working most serious injury to the Republican *idea*, upon which our nation is founded, and in which chiefly consists the superiority that we claim over European and Asiatic nations.

That since Slavery is a great general violation, (comprising almost every conceivable particular violation,) of Christianity, its theory and practice are working constant and enormous evil to the Christian *idea*, and thus gradually lowering the standard of morality and religion.

That as continuance in the state of Slavery cannot but be most debasing to the Slave, both in his material, social, and spiritual relations, so the

systematic enforcing of that debasement, and its necessary reaction, by contact, upon himself, must be an actively deteriorating influence upon the Slaveholder, in *his* material, social, and spiritual relations.

And, finally, that, as the ill effects of Slavery cannot cease but with the destruction of their cause, and as the continuance of so vicious a relation necessarily prevents the application of those means upon which both parties must depend for elevation and improvement, the only rational and effectual beginning of a removal of the evils of Slavery is the IMMEDIATE ABOLITION of Slavery.

All these positions, I say, are abundantly *proved* in the lectures, newspapers, and tracts of the Abolitionists. We are therefore authorized to refer to them as established facts in the history of Slavery, and to hold the active supporters of that system responsible for them in chief, and its passive supporters responsible in proportion to the aid and comfort they furnish to the institution. To do

this, in direct and unequivocal language, is not abuse, nor injustice, nor unjustifiable personality, nor officious intermeddling with that which does not concern us. It is at once our right and our duty. Not for their speech only, but for their unjustifiable *silence*, will God bring men into judgment.

The singling out, for especial reprobation, of individuals whose voluntary partizanship for Slavery is aggravated by their ample means of knowing better, or whose eloquence, literary distinction, or exalted station make them particularly dangerous opponents of liberty, is not only right and judicious in itself, but it is our natural defence against the worldly wisdom of those who, valuing character less than reputation, do not shrink from being associated, even in infamy, with men distinguished in name or station. If plain John or Joel supports himself in a false and vicious position by leaning on the statesmanship of Daniel, or the theological reputation of Moses, or the judicial

eminence of Benjamin, he needs to be assured that such distinguished accompliceship will not shelter him from accountability, either to God above or men below ; that at both tribunals his single person must meet the accusations of truth and justice, and receive whatever retribution follows, as if he were the sole offender. The wisdom of the State has decided that each partner is liable for the whole tax assessed upon his firm. In applying the same rule to whatever injustice is done in senates, associations, and conventions, and exacting the same responsibility from their individual members, I repeat that the Abolitionists have acted rightly and wisely ; and the Reverend Joel Parker, of Philadelphia, is a faithful, though unwilling, witness that this course is effective.

But here three classes of persons interpose a protest. The timid friends of the Anti-Slavery cause — “ such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat ” — its sagacious enemies, who seeing

that this course *is* effective, volunteer their disinterested opinion against it, — and persons, whether friends or enemies, who are too far removed from the scene of action to understand the movements of the opposing parties — unite in declaring that the effect of such plain speaking, though by no means slight, is adverse to those who use it. The editor of the London Times, a fair specimen of the class last spoken of, has lately mentioned as a great fault in “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” that it “will irritate instead of pacifying the Slaveholders. He assumes that emancipation is impossible except by the voluntary action of the masters, and says “Let the attempt be made imperiously and violently to dictate to the Slaveholders, and from that hour the Union is at an end.”

It is very easy for the editor of the Times to talk of the benefits of a Union of the evils of which he has no experience ; but if he, and every member of his political party were liable to be tarred and feathered, or hung to the first tree, the moment

they set foot in Ireland, under the operation of a code of laws formed by the joint action of that country and their own, and defended by the bishops, judges, army, and navy of the *United* kingdom, they would probably form a different judgment of the blessings of Union, and might shout for "repeal" as lustily as any Irishman now does. But the case above supposed is literally and exactly the condition of those who are practically opposed to Slavery in the *United States* of America. The so much vaunted *Union* formally withdraws all protection from the liberty, the property, and the lives of those who speak against Slavery in a Slave State. Are such antagonists to be pacified and mollified with soft words? Such a proceeding would be soft in more senses than one.

Slavery is to be abolished without the consent, and against the will, of the Slaveholders. True, the voluntary, immediate emancipation of each Slave by each master would be the better way,

and the best way, for both parties, as the Abolitionists have always said. But since the Slaveholders refuse, not only to do this, but to commence any movement towards emancipation in any way, it becomes a waste of time to delay any longer for their consent. The thing must be done irrespective of their wishes altogether. The means of effecting it are twofold.

The most important agency to this end is to be created by diffusing through this country and civilized Europe, such exact and full information of the wickedness and cruelty inherent in Slavery, of the degradation of the Slaves, of the deterioration in manners and morals of the masters, of the corruption diffused by this influence through the church, and of the increased profligacy which it has developed in the political and theological press, and in the proceedings of political and theological parties, as will unite the hearts and the hands of all who love liberty, morality, and religion, in the determi-

nation to act in every practicable way against Slavery and for Liberty.

The second point is to direct into proper channels the energy thus generated, and bring it to bear, with permanent and steadily increasing force, upon the commercial, political, ecclesiastical, social, and personal relations of Slaveholders, at home and abroad ; to make each Slaveholder and each apologist for Slavery sensibly and acutely feel that wherever he appears beyond the circle of his accomplices, he excites such feelings and such manifestations of aversion and contempt as if his close cropped hair and motley dress proclaimed him a fugitive from some house of correction ; to uncover so thoroughly to the public gaze their peculiar position of wickedness intensified by meanness, their preëminence as grinders of the face of the poor, and oppressors of the widows and fatherless whom they have *made* widows and fatherless, that the highwayman who robs only the rich shall

be deemed honorable and virtuous in comparison with them.

Whenever the Northern States shall separate from the Southern on account of Slavery, the accomplishment of all this will be much facilitated. The pressure of foreign opinion, already experienced to a certain extent by American travellers in Europe until they have freed themselves from the imputation of favoring Slavery, will then become intensified by concentration upon a smaller territory. The suspicion which now rests upon Americans at large will then be confined to Southerners.

It will then also be much easier to facilitate the escape of Slaves, to protect them in their flight, and obstruct the movements of their pursuers.

The Northern States will not then so quietly permit the imprisonment of their seamen in Southern ports without the allegation of crime, or the ignominious expulsion, without hearing, of

ambassadors sent to look after their rights and interests.

The Northern churches will then be freed from the most serious obstacle to the recognition of their claim to be considered *Christian* churches.

The political parties of the North will then escape the deteriorating influence of that immense system of bribery, which now makes the chance of their statesmen for office so largely dependent upon their subserviency to the Slave power.

The chief legislative assembly of a Northern confederacy would not be disgraced by the membership of drunkards, bullies, and ruffians, and the encounters with foul language, fists, and weapons, which have of late been so common in the Congress of the United States.

Finally, the colored people of the North would then *begin* to have a prospect of the full recognition of those rights and privileges which belong to them as citizens, and thus a stronger incitement

and greater facilities than at present for education and self improvement.

All this, thanks to the labors of the Abolitionists, is in a train for successful completion. But labor, assiduity, self-denial, and perseverance, on the part of *every* friend of the Anti-Slavery cause, are just as needful for its progress as for its commencement; and *every* such faithful laborer hastens the day of its ultimate triumph.

Boston, October, 1852.

## The Cathedral.

BY LUCY SANFORD.

“ NOBLY build these sons of clay ;”  
This the angels spoke one day ;  
“ Month by month and year by year,  
Column, arch, and dome they rear,  
And by penitence and prayer,  
Purge away earth’s grosser air.  
We remember in old day,  
At a nation’s trumpet-hymn,  
How the self-evolving blaze  
Swelled up between the Cherubim :  
Now no more on Judah’s shrine  
Glow the Shekinah divine,

Yet a stronger trust and love  
Strive towards the throne above ;  
Yearning hearts with deep desire,  
To the unseen God aspire.

“ We, the deathless and the strong,  
Sound his name in deathless song ;  
Yet within each glowing breast  
Swells a rapture unexpressed.  
Come, then, brethren of the spheres,  
Learn the yoke of days and years ;  
Heaven’s divinest bliss to earn,  
Mortals’ patient labors learn ;  
Learn on earthly ground to raise  
Temples worthy of His praise.”

Then they builded the foundations in silence and  
in awe ;  
Light looked not on their labors, and they wrought  
by inner law ;

The stubborn rocks grew plastic to each immortal  
hand,  
And by compasses of Heaven were the vaulted  
arches spanned ;  
But song broke forth exulting, when upper air was  
won,  
And cheerful hallelujahs proclaimed the work  
begun.

Across the mighty pavement, alternate day and  
night,  
They flung in long perspective of shadow and of  
light,  
When eager-springing wishes they trained with  
upward hand,  
And strengthened clustering Fancies with Hope's  
sustaining band,  
And Beauty burst redundant from every tapering  
stem,  
Fruit, flowers, and clinging foliage, Love's choic-  
est diadem,

Fair stood the stately column, a far-receding line,  
Each had its angel builder, and each its hymn  
divine.

But in a breathless silence that hallowed all the  
air,

Up-swelled the solemn arches, each arch a heaved-  
up prayer,

Faith braced the massy keystone, with firm con-  
necting band,

While strong endeavors struggled yet higher to  
expand.

And where converging efforts harmoniously were  
met,

The seal of Heaven's acceptance mysteriously was  
set.

They piled of Meditations, the world-excluding  
wall,

With patient Self-Denial the stones compacting  
all ;

And as beneath their labors the lofty fabric grew,  
The Cross's awful outline, rose mightily to view ;  
Through many-pierced windows the rushing sun-  
beams flow,  
But those angels steeped earth's sunshine in Rev-  
elation's glow ;  
Saints, prophets, and apostles, their bright reflec-  
tions fling,  
And throned on Virgin bosom Heaven's young  
anointed King.

Above rose strong Assurance, a massy buttressed  
tower,  
Based on the Cross's centre, that talisman of  
power ;  
Then Ecstacy up-darted, a pinnacle of fire,  
And Adoration, winged for heaven, poised tiptoe  
on the spire.

And a presence more divine,  
Than the light of Judah's shrine,

Filled that Temple's gorgeous gloom,  
Like some subtle rich perfume,  
Too refined for eye or ear,  
But with awful love and fear,  
Calming all the atmosphere.

England.

## Liberty, Sectional. Slavery, National.

BY WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH.

WE have never read any congressional speech which more deeply moved us, than that of the Hon. Charles Sumner, delivered in the Senate, August 26, 1852. We agree with Mr. Badger of North Carolina, in thinking it the most extraordinary speech that has ever been delivered on the floor of the Senate. An irrefutable demonstration of the unconstitutionality, on principle, of the Fugitive Slave Bill, it abounds with evidences of the eloquence, the elegant scholarship, the legal and historical knowledge of Mr. Sumner, and what is more, far more than all, shows a heart large enough to embrace in its kindly and noble sympathies even

the oppressed and degraded negro. Now, he contents himself with standing where Washington and Jefferson stood, and exerting himself to imbue the national government with their spirit. A noble object, and worthy a generous struggle! But all truth is progressive, and we are much mistaken in our estimate of Mr. Sumner, if he does not yet show the nation that they only are truly noble sons who use the spirit of their fathers merely as a stepping stone to something nobler and higher than their fathers achieved. It is the duty of each generation to make a real advance — not to rest satisfied with merely retaking a position which was attained two generations before.

Many of the Fathers of the Republic were noble men, and their constitution contains many noble provisions; but they also inserted in that instrument several clauses with the design of favoring Slavery. Mr. Sumner himself admits this.\* Some

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\* His language is, "It is true that there were compromises at the formation of the Constitution." \* \* \* "There was another com-

of the framers of the Constitution, doubtless, imagined that the abolition of the African Slave Trade, in 1808, would put an end to Slavery itself, and thereby relieve the Constitution of all Pro-Slavery taint. The opinion seems to us strange, still it was honestly held. Thus in the Massachusetts Convention, Mr. Dawes said that Slavery had "received a mortal wound, and would die of a consumption." Such was, however, by no means the universal opinion. Thus in the same Convention, Gen. Heath said, "Whether those in Slavery in

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promise finally carried under threats from the South, on the motion of a New England member, by which the Slave States were allowed representation according to the whole number of free persons and three-fifths of all other persons, thus securing political power on account of their Slaves. There was a third compromise which cannot be mentioned without shame. It was that hateful bargain by which Congress were restrained, until 1808, from the prohibition of the foreign Slave Trade, thus securing down to that period toleration for crime." Speech, pp. 14, 15. In relation to the Fugitive Slave clause, Mr. Sumner does not deny that it applies to Slaves, though he leaves the question open. At most, however, he considers it merely as a *compact* between the States, and denies that it confers any power on Congress to pass a Fugitive Slave Bill. But whoever admits that the three-fifths clause applies to Slaves, cannot, we think, avoid the conclusion that the fugitive clause does also, for both clauses really involve the same definition of a Slave. And if the States have made a *compact* to return Fugitive Slaves, it is just as immoral in its essence, as the Fugitive Slave Law.

the Southern States will be emancipated after the year 1808, I do not pretend to determine : I rather doubt it." We are however willing to suppose, for argument's sake, that the majority honestly held the opinion that the abolition of the Slave Trade would abolish Slavery itself, and adopted the Constitution in this belief.

Of course, this was mere opinion on their part. No one, in 1787, knew what effect the abolition of the Slave Trade would have on Slavery itself. Yet notwithstanding this uncertainty, and the terrible consequences which they must have foreseen would ensue if this opinion should prove mistaken, our fathers were willing to give the institution certain constitutional support without any limitation as to time. They were willing to stipulate, and did stipulate, to support Slavery forever, so strong was their confidence that it would begin to die out in twenty years ! They were willing to agree to act, and did act, contrary to their clearest conviction of right, in the delusive hope that a few years

would suffice to free them from the difficulty ! When shall we learn that right and wrong are not thus to be played with ? Twenty years elapsed, and the cotton crop, which was unknown to John Jay in 1784 as an article of export, and which was not thought of by our fathers in 1787, had increased seventy-five fold. The price of Slaves was enhanced by the increased demand for labor, and the abolition of the Foreign Slave Trade only served, by decreasing the foreign supply, to raise still more the price of Slaves already here. The very thing of all others which our fathers thought was to give Slavery a mortal wound, only served very materially to strengthen it. The hope of our fathers has proved fallacious. They abolished the Slave Trade, but their contract to give Slavery itself material support remains — a contract — forever ! No — not forever ! We, their sons, if we act in their spirit, must repudiate it.

It is true, as Mr. Sumner says, that Slavery is sectional ; but it is no less true that within certain

limits it is also national. It may not be national according to the spirit of the best and wisest of our ancestors — according to that spirit which Mr. Sumner seeks to impart to the General Government, but it is certainly national according to the tenor of the national contract. It is the nation which offers a bounty on Slaveholding, by counting the 3,200,000 Slaves as 1,920,000 freemen, in apportioning the Congressional representation between the States, giving the Slave States thereby twenty representatives. Surely that institution may with perfect propriety be called a national institution, which is represented in the national House of Representatives by twenty members. Is not Slavery rightly called a national institution, when, solely in order to secure property in Slaves, by lessening the chance of escape, our Constitution repeals the general rule of law, that State laws are limited to State lines, and declares, notwithstanding our bill of rights, that Thomas Sims, on Massachusetts soil, shall be considered a Slave, because the laws of

Georgia, from whence he fled, declare him to be such? And not to mention the Slave Trade clause, is not, finally, the institution rightfully called a national one, which the nation as such has pledged itself forcibly to maintain? If the Slaves rebel to-morrow, the nation is pledged to suppress the insurrection.

Alas! it is too true that Slavery is national. The nation by its organic law countenances and supports the system. Repeal, if you please, the inhuman Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850, and that of 1793, and every act of every Congress which relates to Slavery, and still the fact remains the same, the indisputable fact remains, that the organic law of the nation countenances and supports Slavery, and the only way in which Slavery can possibly cease being national (to the extent of this support) is by repealing the tainted clauses of the Constitution. Then, and not till then, will Slavery be truly sectional, and liberty be truly national.

For nearly five hundred years before the Reformation, whatever place or building in England was consecrated for any religious use, screened offenders, and at one time even murderers, from the justice of the law, and the sentence passed upon their crimes. And the noblest boast of England at the present day is that only *men* can tread her soil !

How different the case with us ! We do not provide a sanctuary even for the victim of injustice and wrong. No place is sacred from the pursuit of the Slave hunter. Notwithstanding we surround a spot with all the holiest and most sacred associations possible, and consecrates it to the worship of that Being who is the Common Father of all, and whose prime command we disregard if we do not love one another, and do unto others as we would have others do unto us, yet even from such a spot the national arm stands ready to drag a fugitive Slave. And what is worse than all, the large majority of the professed ministers of this loving

Father have either no word of rebuke to offer, or else openly defend the act.

Of all the spots in our land which nature has marked out as abodes of freemen, there is none which is safe. You may see men and women whom the national law treats as fugitive Slaves in Nantucket, in a cluster of houses overhanging the beach where for unnumbered ages the Atlantic has ceaselessly rolled its waves. All sights and sounds there suggest thoughts of freedom. Can we chain the waves or bind the winds? And yet the man whose soul will live countless ages after those waves will have ceased to roll, we can and do bind and return as a fugitive Slave! No! God be thanked, there is a law higher than any of human enactment. Slavery is supported in Nantucket, by the national law, but this law is rendered powerless by the sectional love of liberty.

A ride up a narrow mountain-road entirely overhung with trees, for about a mile and a half, brings one to the little farming town of Mt. Washington,

hemmed in on all sides by the Tagheonic Mountains. Here one finds almost perfect isolation. Even in summer there is only a mail once a week, and during the winter months the communication with the adjoining towns, situated in the Valley of the Housatonic, must be frequently wholly cut off for even longer periods. Towards the east rises the Dome, — the faint blue outline of which on the horizon forms a prominent point of interest, as the coach from Pittsfield first reaches the crown of the hill at Lenox, and you see spread out before you the beautiful Stockbridge Valley. To the west are Bish Bish Falls. The road to the head of the Falls follows the winding of the brook. If ever any scene in nature could teach man to love his fellow-man it would be that which here is exhibited. The brook rushes along sparkling and dancing in the sunlight, while on one side the mountain rises in some places almost perpendicularly, wooded to the top, rendered beautiful itself, and making other things so, by constant succession

of light and shade. The Falls present almost every variety of beauty. Here the water rushes rapidly — there it leaps fifty or sixty feet, covering the rocks with spray ; and then it rests calm and clear as crystal. Far, far above your head, and overhanging the water, is the Eagle nest. In such a place as this, we feel inclined with Adam, to call on all things to unite with us in joy and praise, so instinct with life and love do all things seem.

And yet, even in this lovely region, may be found one of the unhappy race, cursed of man, though loved of God. Even this beautiful temple of nature where the soul is lifted up above the sordid selfishness of every day life, to the purer, possible, life, where all things animate and inanimate unite in leading our thoughts to the accomplishment of noble ends, even this place is not sacred. Even here the national law declares that Slavery shall exist, and that it does not so exist in fact, is again owing to the sectional love of liberty, which exists in these mountain regions. It was

not any national law that freed Jerry at Syracuse. That law would have doomed him to hopeless Slavery. But he owes his freedom to the sectional love of liberty which trampled on the national law. And it is only where this sectional love of liberty is powerful enough thus to defy the law, that the fugitive Slave is safe. God grant that the time may soon come when we *shall* reënact the laws of God — when men shall not owe their freedom to a noble humane feeling, which leads their friends to trample on the law, but law and justice, in this respect, shall walk hand in hand. But until then, Slavery cannot cease to be National and liberty Sectional.

Linden Place, Brookline, October 23, 1852.

# True Greatness — Thomas Clarkson.

BY DANIEL RICKETSON.

ALL is not greatness, that mankind so deem. —  
 How blind, how dark, the multitude appear,  
 Bowing before the standards they have raised.  
 O ! when will man learn he has nobler claims  
 Than just to follow in the old worn track  
 Of base ambition ! when will he arise,  
 And, throwing off the gyves that have so long  
 Shackled and burdened all his higher aims,  
 Walk forth in independence of the truth.  
 Who then is great, who may command our praise ?  
 Not he who gains the plaudits of the crowd,  
 Who wears the civic crown or rules in pomp,

Who has the envy of his fellow men,  
Less fortunate considered than himself ;  
Nor he, who on the rostrum of debate  
Can waken thousands on a trifling theme,  
And stir their souls with some base born desire —  
These are not great, and live but for the day,  
Mere butterflies, that flutter a few hours,  
And then are left to grovel till they die.  
He who to Nature and to Truth is true,  
Whom no temptations false can e'er allure,  
Who loves the Good, the Right his eager choice,  
Whether it brings him peace or crown of thorns.  
He may be humble, may be noble born,  
As man has chosen so to speak of man —  
He, he is true and he alone is great.  
Such noble CLARKSON was thy sacred life,  
And well may England cherish thy great name.  
Happy the country that can boast thy birth,  
Thou more than noble — risen to the skies !  
When through the long drawn years of coming  
time,

The last faint tinkle of the once loud peal  
That swelled the praise of warriors and of kings  
Shall die upon the ear to wake no more,  
Then shall the chorus of united song  
Chant forth the name of him whose chief delight  
Was to plant happiness where woe was found,  
Him shall they write in title bold and strong,  
THE FRIEND OF MAN, what nobler can be given.

Woodlee, New Bedford, Oct., 23, 1846.

### Letter.

[The following letter was addressed last year to M. Victor Schœlcher, the distinguished advocate of emancipation in France, and was intended for publication in the Liberty Bell. As Republicans and Abolitionists we welcome with emotion the sympathy of the Grandson of LaFayette.]

PARIS, 26 Avril, 1851.

*A Monsieur V. Schœlcher, représentant du  
Peuple.*

MON CHER COLLEGE,

Vous m'avez fait l'amitié de me demander mes impressions et mes vues sur l'un des événements les plus considérables de notre époque, l'abolition de l'esclavage dans les colonies françaises. Je comprends que vous vous occupiez de cette question avec un intérêt presque paternel.

Plus que personne en effet vous avez contribué à l'émancipation des noirs dans nos possessions d'outre-mer et vous avez eu le double bonheur de voir le problème résolu d'une manière complète et de le voir résolu par le gouvernement de la République. Dans le temps où nous vivons on est d'ailleurs fatigué de la controverse ; et l'esprit aime à se reposer sur ces progrès certains, solides, que les événements futurs ne peuvent ni altérer, ni détruire, et qui sont à bon droit considérés comme les véritables conquêtes de la civilisation et de l'humanité.

L'émancipation des noirs dans les Antilles françaises en l'examinant au point de vue des intérêts matériels de notre pays peut être diversement apprécié. Mais ce qui ne saurait être contesté c'est l'immensité du bienfait moral dû à l'acte d'émancipation. En un seul jour et comme par un coup de baguette 150 mille créatures ont été arrachées à la dégradation dans laquelle les retenait une législation séculaire, et ont repris leur rang dans

la grande famille humaine. Et ce grand événement (nous ne devons pas nous lasser de le constater) s'est accompli sans que l'on ait vu se produire ces désordres, ces luttes dont on nous menaçait jadis pour troubler les consciences des partisans de l'abolition. Opposera-t-on à ces grands résultats le froissement momentané de quelques intérêts matériels ; mais quand donc a-t-il été possible dans ce monde de faire beaucoup de bien sans faire en même temps un peu de mal ? J'entends dire quelquefois qu' on n'aurait pas autant troublé les conditions du travail aux colonies si on avait laissé aux autorités coloniales ce soin et aux colons eux mêmes le soin de préparer et de faire l'émancipation. Vous le savez mieux que moi mon cher Collègue, ces assertions ne sont pas complètement sincères. Nous nous rappelons avec quelle unanimité et quelle véhémence les conseils coloniaux s'opposaient en 1844 et 1845, aux améliorations que l'on voulait introduire dans le régime des esclaves. N'est-il pas évident que ces disposi-

tions rendaient impossible l'essai d'un système de transition, tenté d'ailleurs sans succès dans les colonies Anglaises. Quant à moi j'en suis convaincu, il était difficile et je dirai même impossible de faire l'émancipation autrement qu'on ne l'a faite c'est à dire en un seul jour et par un seul Décret. J'ajouterai que dans mon opinion l'abolition de l'esclavage dans nos Antilles, ne se serait probablement pas de longtemps accomplie s'il n'était survenu en France une révolution. Aussi s'il est aisé de comprendre que les hommes de race blanche n'aient pas tous la révolution de 1848, je ne con cevrais pas comment il se trouverait un seul homme de couleur qui ne lui adressât des bénédictions.

Au surplus, mon cher Collègue, cette grande question de l'émancipation des noirs qui a toutes mes sympathies me paraît avoir fait définitivement son chemin dans le monde. A l'heure où nous parlons les états de la Péninsule sont (si je ne me trompe) les seuls Etats de l'Europe possédant

encore des esclaves. L'Amérique tout en maintenant l'esclavage sent tous les jours de plus en plus combien ce fléau pèse sur ses destinées.

En vous exprimant, mon cher Collègue, combien je me réjouis de ces résultats je ne cède pas seulement à mes sentiments personnels, j'obéis aussi à mes traditions de famille.

Vous savez quel intérêt le général Lafayette mon grand-père prenait à la question de l'émancipation des noirs. Vous savez ce qu'il avait commencé dans l'habitation de *la Gabrielle* et ce qu'il se proposait d'y faire. Ce n'a pas été un des moindres regrets de sa vie d'avoir été arrêté dans cette entreprise.

Pardonnez moi mon cher Collègue les détails aux quels je me laisse entraîner, je sais qu'on n'est jamais indiscret près de vous quand on vous parle des noirs. Je compte d'ailleurs sur ces sentiments d'amitié que vous avez bien voulu me témoigner et que ne peuvent affaiblir nos dissidences sur d'autres questions politiques.

Agréez en, je vous prie, la nouvelle assurance  
ainsi que celle de ma considération.

Votre obéissant serviteur et dévoté Collègue,

O. LAFAYETTE,

Représentant du peuple (Seine et Marne.)

Letter.

PARIS, April 26, 1851.

*To M. Victor Schœlcher, Representative of the  
People.*

MY DEAR COLLEAGUE,

You have been so obliging as to ask for my views and impressions respecting one of the most important events of our epoch, — the Abolition of Slavery in the French Colonies. I know well that you have an almost paternal interest in this question. You have contributed more than any one to the emancipation of the blacks, in our possessions beyond the seas, and you have enjoyed the double

pleasure of seeing the problem completely resolved, and resolved by the Government of the Republic. At the present time, wearied by controversy, the mind loves to repose upon certain and solid progress, which future events can neither alter nor destroy, and which are justly considered as the true conquests of civilization and humanity. In examining the Emancipation of the Slaves in the French Antilles, from the point of view of the material interests of France, it may be variously appreciated : but the immense moral benefit of the act of Emancipation cannot be contested.

In one day, and as by the stroke of a wand, one hundred and fifty thousands of human beings were snatched from the degradation in which they had been held by former legislation, and resumed their rank in the great human family. And we should not omit to state, that this great event was accomplished without our witnessing any of those disorders and struggles, which had been threatened, in

order to perplex the consciences of the Friends of Abolition.

Will the momentary obstruction of material interests be opposed to these great results? When has it ever been possible in this world to do much good without seeming at the same time to do a little harm?

I have sometimes heard it said that the conditions of labor in the Colonies would have been less disturbed if the preparation and the accomplishment of the Emancipation had been left to the colonists themselves; but you know better than I, my dear Colleague, that these assertions are hardly sincere.

We cannot but recollect with what unanimity and what vehemence the colonial councils opposed, in 1844 and 1845, the Ameliorations that we sought to introduce into the condition of the Slaves.

Is it not evident that this disposition would have rendered impossible the time of a system of transi-

tion which indeed was attempted without success in the English colonies. For myself, I am quite convinced that it would have been impossible to effect the emancipation otherwise than as it *was* effected, that is to say, in one day, and by a single decree. I would add also, that in my opinion the Abolition of Slavery in our colonies would have remained a long time unaccomplished, if France had not been in Revolution, and if it be easy to understand why all men of the white race do not consent to the Revolution of 1848, I cannot conceive that a single man of color can be found who does not regard it with benedictions.

Furthermore, my dear Colleague, this great question of the Abolition of Negro Slavery, which has my entire sympathy, appears to me to have established its importance throughout the world. At the present time, the States of the Peninsula, if I do not deceive myself, are the only European powers who still continue to possess Slaves; and

America, while continuing to uphold Slavery, feels daily, more and more how heavily this plague weighs upon her destinies.

In expressing to you, my dear Colleague, how much I rejoice in these results, I do not gratify my personal feelings alone. I obey also my family traditions.

You know the interest which my grandfather, General LaFayette, took in the emancipation of the negroes. You know what he had begun to do at the Habitation de la Gabrielle, and what he intended to do there. It was not among the least regrets of his life, that he was stopped in that enterprise.

Pardon, my dear Colleague, the details into which I have been led. I know well that I can hardly be indiscreet in speaking on this subject to you. I rely upon those sentiments of friendship which you have always testified for me, and which differences of opinion respecting other political questions cannot weaken.

With fresh assurances of my friendship and  
consideration,

Your obedient servant and devoted Colleague,

O. LAFAYETTE,

Representative of the People, (Seine et Maine.)

### The Morning Mist.

BY T. W. HIGGINSON.

THE mist that like a dim soft pall was lying,  
Mingling the gray sea with the low gray sky,  
Floats upward now ; the sunny breeze is sighing,  
And Youth stands pale before his destiny.  
O passionate heart of Youth !  
Each heaving wave in summons stern is crying,  
Thou canst delay, but never shun replying,  
It calls thee living or it calls thee dying,  
Though all the Beauty fade before the glare of  
Truth.

Thou wanderest onward neath the solemn morning ;

It seems like mid-day ere the sun rides high ;

The soft mist fades, whose shadowy adorning

Wrapt in a dreamy haze the earth and sky ;

The Ocean lies before !

O thou art lost if thou discard the warning

To make hot day more fair than fairest dawning,

Till eve look back serenely on the morning

When Youth stood trembling on the ocean shore.

Worcester, Mass.

## The Approaching Crisis.

BY RICHARD HILDRETH.

No one who has attentively considered the history of this nation for the last twenty years, and who has the power of looking beyond his own shadow, and taking a comprehensive view of the present tendency of things, can doubt, for a moment, — unwelcome as the idea may be to politicians, theologians, lawyers, and money-making men of business, — that the question of Slaveholding, its toleration, its perpetuation, or, on the other hand, its speedy abolition, is to form henceforward in these United States, the great predominating issue, the topic of increasing and overwhelming interest, before which, until it be finally disposed

of, all other hitherto engrossing controversies, whether theological or political, shall sink more and more into littleness and insignificance.

Since there are between the moral and physical world certain analogies which serve, if not to aid the reason to impress the imagination, the change that impends, may not inaptly be compared to some of those which, in past times, the earth itself has undergone. Disposed as the unobserving and unreflecting mass are to believe in the unchanging firmness and solidity of the earth's surface, Geology assures us, that over the spots where now rise the towering summits of the seemingly eternal Alps and Andes, the deep ocean once rolled ; all these wide-spread inhabited continents of ours, having been lifted by some internal subterranean force from the depths of the sea, which, thus displaced from its bed, must have overwhelmed with oblivious waters, other pre-existent continents, to all outward appearance, it is probable, no less stable than our own. The apparently solid surface of our globe,

is, in fact, as geologists inform us, but a comparatively thin crust floating on a molten, burning sea, which, solid as the earth may seem, gives yet occasional proofs of fluidity in the phenomena of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. And so those social institutions, which the unreflecting multitude, the men of to-day, deem to be firmly fixed forever on the basis of natural necessity, yet rest but on a mobile body of opinion, which as it fluctuates this way or that, submerges the old and elevates the new; changes, however, which do not bring the end of the world and restoration of chaos, as ignorant rustics naturally apprehend when they feel the earth trembling beneath them, and as our no less ignorant men of business as naturally dread, when they behold the smoke and flame of some newly-bursting-forth moral volcano, — but only the commencement of newer and more beneficial orders of things.

Looking but at appearances, at the solid front and towering strength which the Slaveholding sys-

tem presents, the suggestion of any approaching downfall or disappearance of it might well seem chimerical. As the torrents of avarice and passion have washed away, one after another, those thin deposits of free principles, which the agitations of the revolution left here and there on the black rocks of Slavery, the anticipation once so fondly entertained of a gradual and imperceptible improvement by which those flinty rocks, by the mere atmosphere of democracy, were to be disintegrated into the rich soil of freedom, have almost entirely vanished; and, as one by one have disappeared from our eyes, every green spot on which some plants of liberty had hitherto flourished, darker and darker, more desolate and dreary have the stony mountains of servitude stretched themselves out before us.

And yet beneath the depths of that stagnant ocean, which surrounds, but as if awestruck and subdued by the frowning shadow of Slavery, dares hardly as yet to murmur against it, an idea has

been for some time at work, potent enough to upheave the sluggish waters from the bottom, and to roll them resistless sheer over the black mountains ; the idea, namely, that Slaveholding among a Christian people claiming to be the most righteous in the world ; among a republican people, and under democratic institutions, expressly based on the recognition of liberty and property as indefeasible rights ; is not merely, as so many would have us believe, an indecorum, an unfortunate incongruity, an economical blunder, an error, for which nobody living is responsible, — only some dead British Slavetraders and old acts of parliament, — but a wrong, a crime ; in theological language a SIN, not to be tolerated among people of such republican and Christian professions.

Never did the Church of Rome make more desperate efforts to suppress the grand heretical dogma of the right of private judgment, than have been made in the last twenty years in America, by the leaders both in Church and State, to suppress this

idea of the wickedness of Slaveholding. It did indeed, when first advanced, or revived rather, after having slept for a generation or more, from the time of the revolution, receive, for a brief space, the countenance of sundry doctors of theology and teachers of the church, as well as of some learned historians, speculative philosophers, essayists, moralists, and politicians; but when presently the persecution commenced, very few of these felt called upon to suffer for it as martyrs. Like the "great Cotton" in the days of the Hutchinsonian controversy, whose very name may be regarded as typical of these times, they explained, distinguished, and prepared to yield. The various churches, through their general assemblies, pronounced Slaveholding to be no sin, and in no way incompatible with claims to special divine illumination, regeneration, and sanctification. St. Paul, in virtue of his Epistle to Philemon, was re-canonized as the great prototype and patron saint of Slave-catching marshals and commissioners.

The doctrine of vicarious atonement received a new application in the notion of national sins, — a contrivance for shifting off the blame and responsibility of Slaveholding from the sanctified individual Christian Slaveholder, to the unregenerate community at large ; the natural compliment to which was presently added in the doctrine, that there is no law higher or more binding than the Constitution of the United States, and such enactments of Congress as the Judges of the Federal Courts may pronounce to be authorized by it ; impious substitute of human compacts and conventions, — disposing, too, of the rights of third and unrepresented parties — in the place of God, Justice, Mercy, and Truth !

But in spite of the great union compromise party for the suppression of free discussion, in which we find Pharisees and Sadducees, priests and scoffers, lawyers and publicans, Whigs and Loco Focos, reactionary conservatives and progressive democrats, so zealously and harmoniously coöperating,

the idea of the wickedness of Slaveholding still survives ; and numerous and unmistakable indications go to show that it is sinking deeper and deeper into the intellects and consciences of the very Slaveholders themselves ; a thing that cannot continue without producing a moral upheaving, which, while it overwhelms Slavery with its agitated surges, shall raise up, as if out of the very depths of the sea, a new expanse of good dry land, fresh and fertile, whereon the plants of liberty shall take root and flourish abundantly.

Boston, Mass.

## Sonnet.

BY JAMES HURNARD.

As I was gathering strawberries to-day,  
A robin came and boldly hopped so near  
My feet, and eyed me with so arch a leer,  
That I was charmed to see him thus display  
His peaceful confidence. Such lack of fear  
Said I, disarms me. Thou may'st safely stay.  
Thy faith, which none would faithlessly betray,  
Makes thee a sacred bird to all men dear ;  
Even the freckled plough-boy, full of play,  
Forth bursting from the school-room's rule austere,  
Has learned thy shady precincts to revere,  
Nor dares to make thy little ones his prey.

Be thou, sweet bird, henceforth, till wars shall  
cease,

The gentle type of universal Peace.

Colchester, England.

## Webster.

BY GEORGE F. TALBOT.

+ THERE is no sentiment less philosophical than that, quoted in sombre Latin, over almost every fresh-sodded grave : *Nil de mortuis nisi bonum*. For the living always let this charity be invoked ; — as for the dead, they require it no longer. While Lachesis, with even or uneven thread, spins out the events of human life, who can know what crowning act may yet be to be done, that shall change the aspect of the whole. Seduced by great temptations, buffeted by secret fears that sometimes assault the fortitude of the heart through the infirmities of passion or of age, the

captive soul has gone under the clouds of sin, it may be, for years, — a mystery to the world, an affliction to the good, a triumph to fiends and bad men. But wait hopefully, for even on the very barriers of death, a bitter repentance may retrieve all, and the light of the spirit, setting like the clear sun from an overcast sky, may tinge the lifted clouds of sin with hues of beauty. The whole anterior life may have been a conflict with adverse circumstances, or a false appearance, the true scope and purpose of which was to be revealed in the great sacrifice for right, the noble avowal for truth yet to be made.

Who would have recognized the martyr-courage of the dreamy and ideal Sir Thomas More, had he not been called to face the martyr's doom? Who would not have believed, that the constancy of Cranmer would always yield to his physical fears, but for the tremendous energy of its recoil? Had our American Clay, upon his conspicuous death-bed, perhaps with weak consciousness self-chosen

for its higher dramatic effect in history, embodied in an act the most obvious principles of the political creed, of which he was the exponent, and of the Christianity of which he *trusted* himself a disciple, — the emancipation of his fellow men, as whose owner he presumptuously intruded himself into the presence of God, how gladly would an admiring world have believed, that this act, and all the fervid declarations, in the same spirit, that half redeemed his oratory, were the *true man*, and that his Slaveholding, his low personal morality, and the great support he gave to bad theories and dangerous modes of thought were only the false aspects of the man, the accidents of his position. But no. He was morally incapable of such an act. He was too feeble in spirit and will to achieve it, or perhaps even to meditate it. The destinies, too, would not permit a false interpretation to be given to seventy-six years of meanness and compromise. And so his death and his life were in perfect keeping.

But when

“ Comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears,  
And slits the thin-spun life,”

when death, the great undertaker, screws down the coffin-lid upon features that can feign no longer, it is through the glass of history, and not the convex lens of eulogy, that the man must thenceforth be viewed. Involuntarily then every mind sums up its accumulated items of knowledge, and busily adjusts them into an image of the character. DANIEL WEBSTER is now the hero of the world's thought. No more careful are the household and friends, left there at Marshfield with the relics of his magnificent fleshly tabernacle upon their hands, to provide for it decent and honorable sepulture, than are the thinkers of the world, who have heard the name of Webster, to find for him a fitting niche in the gallery of memory, and condense into an inscription above it their idea of his worth.

From the general editorial notices, and still less

from the more studied eulogies, that are to perpetuate the event through the next month, little is to be expected in the way of help towards a just criticism of the character of the man, now lying in state before the world. The mere fact of death overawes most men. They have a natural pity for him, who is so ill used, as to be compelled to die. So they minister readily the ineffectual consolation of praise. Besides, a tradition prevails extensively, that all men must ultimately die, so that the panegyrists of the dead, with an eye to thrift, are actually contributing to a fund, in which they have a contingent benefit. Thus the practice has grown into a conventionality which it is heathenish and impolite to violate. The eulogists proper of course do their duty. The great orator is dead, — the man cunning in words! Bring orations, bring beautiful words, with which to leaven the air above his bier, as fitting as to strew the grave of youth with fresh spring flowers. History will borrow her tone from neither of these.

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glistening foil  
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumor lies ;  
But lives, and spreads aloft, by those pure eyes,  
And perfect witness of all judging Jove.  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed  
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.

At some point in the story of human life historic justice must be done. If a man, on the breath of a depraved public opinion, has procured right to be voted down, and the laugh to be turned against truth, they must vindicate themselves sometime over his fame. Truth is dearer than any man's reputation.

Of Webster's intellectual endowments I have not the analytical ability to speak fully. In the department in which he labored his talents were, for the most part, but the tools of his trade. They increased the force and extended the sphere, without indicating the character, of the man. They gave to his actions prominence and secured

to him a large place in the observation of his times. He was as great an orator as he could be, without being a better man. From being the attorney of *individuals*, he rose to be the attorney of *interests*. To the causes to which he lent his gigantic powers of memory, analysis, and arrangement, whether in the courts or in politics, he brought the mesmeric spell of a commanding presence, that transmuted into the dignity of eloquence the shallowest common places of the street, an emphatic repetition often of what was particularly feeble in form or in proof, a discrimination in the choice of words, more the fruit of exquisite taste than of elaborate culture, a marshalling of them in a style sparingly ornamented, massive as his own brain, the fashion of oratory for a half century. These were the instrumentalities and materials of an exhaustive and irrefragable logic, that only asked you in courtesy to assume its premises, and stand at its point of view, and then pushed you to its conclusions implacably, inevitably. But he

brought no substantial originality, no philosophy, no warmth from the heart, no aspirations from the religious sentiment. He could be solemn, almost awful, like the thunder, never brilliant, or dazzling, like heat lightning, and when he descended to be familiar and facetious, he only became feeble.

He was self conscious, and greater than his thoughts, because his thoughts were always contrivances not inspirations. He never was the soul of any cause, as Cobden is of Free Trade and Garrison of Abolitionism. All interests and all subjects stood only in the client's relation to him. He advocated both sides of several measures of State policy, but he never, as it is satirically phrased, *made a hobby* of either. He was not *a man of one idea*, for he had not devotion enough to succumb to even *one* idea. He could feign the zeal, the indignation, the pertinacity of his client in arguing his case, but if he lost it, as he seldom did, he could walk out of court as coolly as his successful antagonist. When the high tariff sys-

tem, and the United States Bank went down, he, the fervid advocate of both, remained as erect as before, as completely alive to his personal interests. He was retained against Texas, but when Texas came in, in spite of him, his acquiescence was more than magnanimous. He was no Kossuth to fill the world with poetic wailings over *his lost Hungary*. The defeat of nothing could affect him, because he was identified with nothing.

He has spent his life mostly in Massachusetts, the most enlightened of the States, and in Boston the centre of its refinement, but as he boasted he was not *sectional*, in any bad sense, so neither was he, in a good sense. Neither his culture nor his morals savored of New England. Occasionally he mouthed the cant of New England reform, but oftener he ignored, ludicrously mistook, or openly derided it. Called oftener than any other man to inaugurate incidents of the nation's progress and celebrate its glorious anniversaries, he misinterpreted the lessons of history, deducing conservatism

and reaction from the example of innovators and rebels. He has affected an over-veneration for the fathers, not for the purpose of stimulating us to imitate them, but to make us doubtful of the application of their principles, and tenacious of ancient abuses.

Since his day, our country, or at least the North, has entered a new era in legislation, adding to the negative theory of liberty the positive practice of justice and charity. This beneficent policy has eagerly sought and sedulously relieved the unfortunate classes of society. For the criminal it has lessened temptations, multiplied restraints, and offered encouragements to reform. For the idiot, the insane, the bereft of the functions of the senses, it has provided the compensation of extraordinary care and kindness. For the large fraction of the people in a Slavery, tolerated still by religion and law, it has at last opened the eyes of its sympathy, and held up hopes of distant deliverance. For all, it has maintained a system of

general education, while it has elevated the standard of the national literature far above the puerilities of the last generation. Our country has in all her past no more glorious epoch than this ; — nor the world.

Mr. Webster was not the master mind of this movement ; he contributed nothing to it ; — he never even recognized it. So utterly incapable was he even of comprehending it, that he stood up before the Slaveholding barbarians of the Senate and apologized for it, as *Northern prejudice*, for which he hoped his constituents might be excused, their training having been somewhat peculiar. This reform movement has found its own heroes, — men, who have redeemed politics from their intolerable imposture, and religion from its accumulated *cant*, — men, who have honored their ancestors, not by building their monuments, but by doing their works. But they have been peculiarly obnoxious to Webster. He was sagacious enough to know, that the rising of their star was the per-

petual waning of his. Nature among all her gifts never endowed him with the manliness, the purity, nor the devotion, to be of them, and so he could but hate them.

Restricted by his deficiency of ideality, of philosophic insight, of religious sentiment, the intellectual range left for his oratory was exceedingly narrow. His views of subjects were practical and commercial. Much of his eloquence was the earnestness of traffic driving its thriftiest bargain. His political ethics were mainly utilitarian and material. The hyperbole of flattery once styled him the "*godlike*." He was the *Mammon* of Trade, — the impersonation of the great World-Spirit that builds its marble temples in State Street and Wall Street; and like other gods, was altogether like his worshippers.

*The Seventh of March*, 1850, was Webster's DAY OF JUDGMENT. On that day he deliberately judged himself, and honestly confessed of what kind he was. He gave to the world the key to his

character, the test of his whole life. There was no mistake in this step. It was not the good man overtaken in a fault, the unwary man thrust into a false position. It was true to himself. It was all he was capable of doing. It indicated the limit and possibility of his nature.

Up to this time he had followed, not led, New England and the North, in an earnest purpose to apply to the condition of the *people* the principles of democracy identified with our form of government, and the very nation's life, — if that government be not a sham, and the nation's life a lie in history. The "*prejudice*," the whim, the monomania of his eccentric *client* took that direction, like poor Miss Flite with her everlasting suit in chancery, and he felt bound in professional honor to stand by and advocate it. Though this beneficent policy was not his own, though he never quite understood it, he had been its eloquent exponent at Plymouth, at Springfield, and in the Senate on

the Oregon question, and might fairly claim to have it *imputed* to him.

There he stood for days deliberating a foregone conclusion. Far away was his native North, shrunk in his thought to the smallest dimensions, no warmth in its bleak and frost-bound borders, save what came from city parlors and bank and counting-house grates, — fanatical, *countrified*, contemptible. The sunny South embosomed him, vast as China on a Chinese map; and hot, as the reek of the agony and sweat of three million Slaves, came the treacherous miasm of Slaveholders' praises and promises. Above him, in the awful silence, was the *Higher Law*, but having gone questioning it no higher than the top of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, and getting no response, it was as easy to argue it away, as for Falstaff to reason down honor. Before him lay a golden opportunity to do a great deed, a fair fame, and the approbation of God. On one side was a greedy interest speaking in threats and bribes;

on the other a mere principle for the most part silent. The good angels wasted little time in trying "to stir such a dish of skimmed milk to so honorable an action." The tainted atmosphere of the Washington Slave-pens infected him. The spirit of intrigue, and of baffled or desperate ambition had gathered into the Senate, as never before, all the world-worn politicians of the nation, haggard with the wear and tear of partisan conflict, watching each other's schemes with dim, senile eyes, and checking each other's plots with feeble, palsied hands, — men whose healthy instincts would have compelled them, years before, to seek the repose of private life, preliminary to the repose of the grave. Among these the Higher Law was a favorite scoff, and the principles of democracy an abomination. Foote flitted about like an evil spirit, with words of promise to the ear, so wofully broken to the hope; while Clay, intent only on embarrassing a *raw* president, who had supplanted him, looked askance, with cunning worldly eye, to see if his

old rival would presume upon a higher morality than his own.

Under these circumstances it is not to be said that Webster *fell*. He only discovered himself, and must thenceforth seem what he was compelled to confess himself. It was not that his declaration against the restriction of Slavery was unexpected or consequential. It was consequential mainly to him. Some few unsagacious persons had high hopes of him, but the most knew he would fail in the hour of trial. When a brave, good deed is to be done, a brave, good man is wanted. Figs do not grow of thistles. It was not the greatest imaginable heroism to stand by the Wilmot Proviso in 1850. Any ordinary good man, of which there are several in every school district, might have done it and claimed no merit. But a mere attorney could not do it, however eloquent and impressive, nor a man whose vision had grown oblique through ambition, and whose moral integrity had been softened to flabbiness by praise and bounty.

Webster was meanly ambitious. The artist should be satisfied with the rewards of his art, and the scholar with the fruit and fame of his studies. No department of literary or creative art has more immediate, more substantial, or more ample rewards than oratory. It charms the rudest minds. Men, who would never appreciate a poem or a masterpiece in painting or statuary, can be stirred to madness by the magic power of eloquent speech. Thus while the artist goes often to an obscure grave only with the hope of an immortality for himself and his works, the great orator receives his good things in his lifetime ; nay, in the very moment, when his full-wrought powers are lashing to enthusiasm an enraptured crowd, and the electricity of his genius thunders and lightens upon "*a sea of upturned faces,*" every billow of the passion which he excites, reflects into his own heart a ravishing and ineffable joy. All the honors of eloquence were within Webster's reach, if not already attained. He had established a communication

with the people, who rushed together at the mere sound of his voice. Senates and courts turned to him with deference and delight. Both hemispheres rung with the echo of his name. With all this and a complete consciousness of it, he wished, nay, absolutely *panted* to be President, — to be nominal head of the nation, indeed, but to be also the *head lackey* of fifty thousand *lackeys*, of a jealous and jesuitical party-mechanism, that promised only the chance of four years tenure of pitiful salaries, for dirty services.

That he wished this is evident from the restless zeal with which, by letters and speeches, he followed up the demonstration of the *Seventh of March*, intruding himself upon the privacy of every man's thoughts, intent upon creating for himself a prominence of whatsoever character, and more than once plainly soliciting a place among the candidates. It is evident, too, from the desperate efforts made by men in his immediate counsels to *dragoon* him through the Baltimore Convention,

and to run him afterwards independently, on the strength of the *injustice* that had been done him in their ludicrous defeat. It seems as if on the *Seventh of March* the desperation of this ambition quite *overstepped the modesty of nature*, and the infatuated eagerness of his lust for power threw off even the sham dignity of diplomacy. I know that the dishonest speech, which politicians in this country have so sedulously cultivated, always regards the men obnoxious to office as the victims of the importunities of *their friends*. Naturally all our great men have a *passion* for retirement; they are equally ready to die, and hold office, for their country, and their martyrdom to the calls of duty has thinned the world of statesmen, and stuck the land with monuments. Let this go into the eulogies, and newspaper articles, and flash biographies, and let the *Jew Apella*, and the heirs and assigns of his faith believe it.

Of what may be called his minor morals I care not particularly to speak. There is a class of vices

even, which do not *necessarily* defile the man. Sometimes, though rarely, the noble spirit compensating for gifts of genius, by an excess of sensualism, maintains, even in its slavery to passion, a dignity, that, at intervals of intellectual serenity, asserts a higher birthright and a better destiny. But if, when age, bringing maturer thoughts, and an indurated will comes to the assistance of the soul, she does not set her house in order, and subject to their place the turbulent passions of youth, the suspicion survives, that the sensuality, instead of being an infirmity of the flesh, is a native and permanent taint of the spirit. But it is the intellectual, the spiritual sin, that is the index to the character and type of its quality. The organized church, however, hesitates longest, and scans closest these defects of the outer life, and perhaps *it* can apply no better test. Since it is understood that Webster passed that ordeal, gravest questions of this character must be considered as settled for many minds. The straight

gate, that opening narrowly up scrapes so unmercifully the backs of mean penitents, squeezing under it into the pale, swings high and clear for greater sinners ; nay, there are those, for the sake of whose glory and honor, gate-posts and walls shall be cleared away, and the acquisition, at such cost, be the standing boast of the church ever afterwards.

Webster had outlived his three score years and ten, and by the intensity of his activities and experiences exhausted a vitality, that might have outworn four score. But he died in the midst of his worldly plans — farming at Marshfield, farming at Franklin — with convivial courtesies on no stinted scale to receive and to repay. His cases stood on the dockets of the courts ; his fees had been paid that were yet to be earned, earned that were yet to be paid. Literary societies waited to inaugurate a new season with the announcement of his name. At the head of Foreign Relations, ghosts of abortive wars had scarce ceased to haunt

the precincts of the State Department, and shadows of future ones not yet confronted with the skill of his diplomacy loomed on the near horizon. His *statesman's word*, as good as "*the faith of a king*," stood pledged to the execution of the Fugitive Slave Act, while its victims run the streets of Boston and Syracuse, and the large meshes of his *net of treason* swept formally through the halls of courts, and *took nothing by the motion*. Slavery was stealthily spreading over "the table lands" where the "laws of God and of physical geography," as thundered from *his Sinai*, by a fiat unnecessary to be *re-enacted*, had forever prohibited it. Thirty ships, under authority of custom papers and *his official letter*, were buffeting the angry meeting of the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific on an errand of commerce, while swift steamers were dashing along under the shadows of the Andes with his *other official letter*, to head them off and pronounce them piratical. Surely

the editors may well affirm, in the honorable phrase — “*He died in the harness!*” though certain of the Scott journals may lament in an “*aside,*” that *he did not die in the traces.*

His departing was sufficiently edifying to the religious public. He anticipated the exordium of his own eulogy by announcing, as if to the Senate, his own demise, and talked beautifully to his attendants upon the subject of religion. Otherwise, the language of disease and physical weakness, under strong apprehensions of death, is not to be taken as index of character. Give the strong man the credit of the best utterances of his unscared soul in life and health, and do not judge him by the weakness of his mortal fears, or the opiated breathings of his tranquility and faith. A florid Congressional orator has lately made a decided hit in eloquence, by portraying Henry Clay's advent to heaven, and his *overawing* the angels with his “*majestic mien.*” It might not

be quite out of keeping in the man who sought to overawe Kossuth, and impress the hero-orator with a character so instinctively repugnant to his own, to try the same kind of manners upon the angels, and if his great competitor on earth should seek to make a like sensation by *recommending* to these denizens of the higher spheres *the subject of religion*, some friendly and good-natured spirit would doubtless take the first courteous opportunity to put them both on quite a different track.

Calhoun, Clay, Webster, the great triumvirate ! While the nation mourns according to published formulas, and sheds tears on paper, deploring its loss, Humanity will count her gains. They lived long, they clung tenaciously to their large influence, but Humanity never hung her hopes upon either of them. They obstructed the better era ; they hindered the coming of the kingdom of heaven. Along with them will depart much that is heathenish in our estimate of what constitutes

greatness in men. *The old* goes out, — *the new* comes in, and new times will bring *new and better men*. They are here now, only the shadows of these colossi have half obscured them.

East Machias, Maine, Oct. 30, 1852.

The Prayer of Moses granted.

BY HENRIETTA SARGENT.

Oh how could Heaven refuse the prayer  
Preferred by one so well approved,  
Whose life had been a constant care,  
In faith to serve the God he loved ?

Review his years of danger past,  
From the first hour that life was new,  
And see him on the waters cast,  
A sight a Princess grieved to view.

See him, a messenger from Heaven,  
In Egypt's courts undaunted stand ;

Such power to his control was given,  
The Sun was veiled at his command.

Attend him through the watery way,  
With him the fiery mount ascend ;  
Or at its base with Israel stay,  
While God shall in a cloud descend.

How faithful was his power applied  
As Captain, Prophet, Judge, and Priest,  
Through a lone wilderness to guide  
A Flock, whose wanderings never ceased.

Ne'er was he checked by selfish fear,  
To vain ambition ne'er a prey,  
Though Israel's weal to him was dear  
To him 't was dearer to obey.

Ah ! once he erred ; that fatal hour,  
When Israel's tribes with thirst rebelled !  
One moment he assumed a power —  
The glory due to Heaven withheld.

The flinty rock poured forth its wave,  
Obedient to the Prophet's Rod,  
But all its waters could not lave  
One spot from him who turned from God.

Far stretched towards the western sky,  
Arrived at last at Jordan's plain,  
The tribes the promised land espy  
Twice twenty years they toiled to gain.

Lord ! let me Jordan pass, I pray, —  
Thus dared the Man of God to sue, —  
Thou hast begun, and do not stay,  
To give thy greatness to my view.

Let me pass through this goodly land, —  
A land of rest from every toil, —  
Where thou hast spread with liberal hand  
Both wheat and honey, wine and oil.

A land of vallies and of hills,  
Its brooks and fountains I would learn,

It drinks the rain that Heaven distils,  
From whence thy eyes will never turn.

Thy Holy Mountain let me see,  
For there thy House will glorious rise,  
And hear thy servant's prayer to Thee,  
That Lebanon may bless his eyes.

Oh deem not thou his prayer denied,  
For Love with Justice will combine.  
Suffice it thee, the Lord replied,  
From Pisgah look, and life resign.

Think'st thou his fate thy pity claims?  
With Israel's thousands weep his doom,  
Or seek in vain his cold remains,  
To pour thy tribute o'er his tomb.

Suffice it thee, God's time is best,  
His sleep of faith was crowned with grace,  
Doubt not he entered into rest,  
And saw his Saviour face to face.

The lofty mount, the cedar groves,  
Fair cities with their temples high,  
And flowery plains where Jordan roves,  
And flocks new washed, may glad the eye.

But follow thou the chosen Three,  
Ascend the lofty mountain's height —  
Transfigured there thy Saviour see —  
But ere thou faintest at the sight,

Observe that two beside him stand,  
Who hear his words distil as dew,  
Then Moses saw the promised Land,  
And all God's greatness met his view.

\* \* \* \* \*

While pondering o'er this record old,  
Of times and men long passed away,  
There seemed some spirit to unfold  
Its teachings for our use *to-day*.

The toil-worn laborers for the Slave,  
While wandering through *their* desert land,  
May sadly murmur ; Lo ! a Grave  
Were better on the loneliest strand

Than all these years of weary strife,  
And hopeless care and bitter tears —  
O Mourner o'er a wasted Life !  
Behold the vision that appears.

For thee a *Promised Land* remains,  
But labor on and thou shalt see  
Melted or shivered all the chains  
That weigh to earth so wearily.

Despond thou not, whate'er betide,  
And thou the prize of faith shall win,  
In patient hope the hour abide,  
When Right shall rule ; then, enter in.

## Am I My Brother's Keeper?

BY T. W. HIGGINSON.

Cain asked this question, and showed by asking that he foresaw the answer. The instinct of brotherhood survived the murder of the brother. And so with us, the sense of a natural connection between man and man exhibits itself even in the most selfish form we can give to that connection. We do not like to live and act alone. We all like to exert an influence on the lives of others; it not merely pleases our vanity, but we have a natural demand for influence. All this ambition that does so much harm, is only an exaggerated, diseased form of the desire to lead and guide others, help them, "keep them." The only difficulty is, that

the rich man who began to wish to be rich for the sake of doing good, becomes so fixed in the habit of looking after his dollar, that he forgets the object for which it was to be earned. The ambitious man, who was intending to do so many fine things if he could only get to be Mayor or Governor, forgets on the way everything but the pleasant excitement of being elected. Still, rich men and ambitious men like to do kind things occasionally, and stop, sometimes, to help keep their brothers by some little good turn.

Unhappily, however, what we most want of men is not good turns but good lives. Not that they should help us occasionally by a favor, but that they should help everybody, all the time, by a noble way of living. I do not care so much that my neighbor should do me special favors, should make me little presents, or lend me his garden tools, or help me about raising a new house or barn, for I may not need these things, or he may have some more important employment. These

things are very well ; but my chief object of desire is, that I should know him to be a wise and good and noble man, who will benefit me and my household, and purify the whole moral atmosphere of the neighborhood by living in it ; a man whom I can call on in case of need moreover, and who may confer on me benefits such as I should not have known how to ask for. These are the right persons to live among ; these are their brothers' keepers.

Very poor persons, very sick persons, very wicked persons, as needing most to be kept, illustrate this all the more. I have known very poor persons, but I never knew a family so poor that they did not seem to value a word of sympathy without a dollar to accompany it, more than the dollar without the word. Sick persons sometimes acknowledge that the kindness and cordiality of the physician do them more good than his medicines. And criminals, who will only be provoked by offers of employment and encouragement from stern per-

sons, will sometimes be touched by the simplest virtue and sweetness in those who have no power to offer more substantial aid. In ancient Rome there was an order of women consecrated to serve God in the temples, and called Vestal Virgins, and whenever the Vestal Virgins met a criminal on his way to execution, he was at once released; the theory being, that their mere presence would instantly reform him. And I have known some Vestal Virgins in modern times, whose presence I have thought might almost have this unconscious influence.

The real value of men and women to us consists only in their wisdom and virtue. Without this they are simply *convenient* to us, mere tools to promote our fortune or our comfort, nothing more. A man without honor or virtue may help us to build our house or cook our food, but we gladly dismiss him afterwards; it is a drawback on the comfort of house or food that we had to go to him for it. But if he had been wise and noble, we

should have found the house pleasanter and the food sweeter because his society was added ; which is evidently the proper relation of things. For it is more agreeable to have poor food and a poor house, even in the literal sense, than to forego the society of good men. If our brothers cannot keep us well in all ways, it is better that they should keep us low in body than low in mind.

It is so with towns and states. Statesmen say that a country is prosperous when its exports exceed its imports, for then it raises its own articles of consumption and more too. But if it only raises cotton, and exports that, and does not raise enough conscience to supply itself and assist its neighbors, also, then it is poor, and must begin to import that, from any quarter and at any price.

“ What constitutes a State ?

Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned,  
Thick wall, or moated gate,  
But men, high minded men.”

A community that is rich in these is strong, though it be bankrupt. A community that is poor in these is weak and beggarly and useless, though its factories cover the land and its ships the sea.

People say, "one man is as good as another," and it is true, *if he is as much of a man*; that is the only question. And that is what the poor man meant who added to this proverb — "yes, and better too." The man who is more of a man *is* better too. People think one place as good as another. I read in the geography that all parts of the United States have their peculiar product — some sugar, some grain, some corn and potatoes; but I look over the map and find very few places that appear to produce a very luxuriant harvest of *men*, the only product worth having. We look across whole Counties and States, and for all that appears they are as barren as Sahara in this respect. So of great cities. New Orleans ranks fourth among the cities of this country; but who wants to go to New Orleans, except to get money,

as a man goes into a bank. Who lives there whom anybody wishes to see and hear and be taught by? what book ever came thence, what machine? what fine action was ever done there? what remarkable thing, in any way, except that one venerable battle;—and yet there are those hundred thousand busy people there who certainly ought to keep us their brothers in something beside cotton.

It is a great thing if, in a crowded town, we find a dozen houses where great thoughts and noble views of life prevail, and yet these are what preserve the atmosphere of a place, and keep it fit to sustain existence. Napoleon said that one family had sometimes been sufficient to ruin a State—and one family may also save it. We estimate places by individuals. We look across New York State, and ask, what is there of value in that wide expanse? and then we remember that in one little town lives Gerrit Smith, who has given away a million and a half of acres of land, piece by piece; and in another town they rescued a fugitive Slave;

and with a few more such thoughts we stop, and hope that there are men and women elsewhere in that wide expanse, though they have never helped to keep us in anything but barrels of flour.

We all know that the value of the different parts of the earth to us depends on the good our souls have got out of them. To how many of you are a few square yards of green turf in some quiet cemetery more precious, more fruitful for the soul, than the richest prairie of the West, waving its thousand acres of unbroken grain ; for from that little spot of ground your angel ascended. And so all over the globe, the precious places are the places of great thoughts and great lives. Take from the map of the earth Egypt and Greece and Judea and England, and how barren instantly is the history of man ; all the fertility is gone ; our brothers have failed to keep us. And yet all these scenes of glory, side by side, would be a mere speck upon the globe, and the one dreary island of New Hol-

land, with its kangaroos and its savages, is larger than them all.

The moral of all is this ; if you wish to be your brother's keeper you must keep your own life high and noble, — keep yourself from sin and folly.

“ He who feeds men serveth few,  
He serves all who dares be true.”

You cannot tell the result of your action. You cannot tell who is looking at you. But you can tell that if you do right your influence will have its weight somehow, and you will be a source of perpetual good to all around you ; though you may be absorbed in your work or in your play, and thinking nothing about it. We never hear of more than the most insignificant fraction of the good or evil we effect.

You say, I am nothing ; I am so small, it makes no difference whether I do good or harm to my brethren. Suppose the drops of the ocean were to say so, or the sands of the desert. Tell me which

particular drop of the vast Atlantic it is, which casts the great ship upon a coral reef at low tide ; tell me which especial drop it is which heaves quietly beneath that mighty keel at rising tide, and floats it off ; tell me which precise grain of sand it is, in the vast Egyptian desert, which is burying the great temple of Karnak, inch by inch, day by day, this day as for centuries back ; and I will tell you your precise contribution to the great work of saving your brothers' souls. Your work is but a little drop, a little grain ; yes, but the vast universe is made up of such littles, and you are responsible for just your share, and no more and no less ; except that though you do not realize it, there is a power of cohesion between drops and between grains, and when one moves another moves too.

Here, for instance, is some young man, an acquaintance of yours, who is gradually improving in his character — growing braver, truer, kinder, purer in his thoughts and habits, likely to make a

better and wiser man. Are *you* doing anything to help him on, you ask, you have so little influence, so imperfect yourself? Yes, you *are* doing something to help him on, if you have anything of those virtues yourself. He finds sympathy in you for his good impulses. He sees that you feel as he does. His voice is sustained by yours, as one singer's is sustained by another's. As a timid person in a lonely house feels protected by the weak presence of even a child, so even your weak virtue is a help to his, and you keep your brother up, imperceptibly, by the slight influence of your looks and words.

On the other hand, here is another young man, also an acquaintance of yours, who is gradually sinking in his character, going down in the scale of moral beings, becoming selfish, sensual, mean, quarrelsome. Are you helping him down? You *are* helping him, if you suffer anything of these traits to appear in you. Your little meanness makes him mean, your want of self-control gives

respectability to his ; he is more open in his selfishness and sensuality because he sees traces of the same thing in you. If you grudge a dollar to a good cause, he grudges a cent ; if you drink wine, he drinks brandy ; if you are selfish in your family, he is tyrannical in his ; if you will not sacrifice a hundred customers to your conscience, he will not sacrifice one. He will never tell you the subtle influence you exert on him, indeed it is probably intermingled with a hundred other influences, all tending the same way, so that no one can precisely calculate it ; still it is present, quietly and silently exerted every day, for evil here, as in the other case for good. Nobody can see it — just as nobody can see the fearful atmospheric influence that comes from an iceberg alongside a ship, chilling the whole air and freezing out men's lives — but it is there ; and you are there — influencing this individual, keeping your brother down, because you have staid down yourself.

We can generally find ways enough of influence

over our brothers, if we only desire to influence them. I once heard a man ask John P. Hale, What can I do about Slavery? Do? said that generous man, do as you would do if all your own brothers and sisters were in Slavery; you would find something to do then! The truth is, we do not begin at the beginning, by realizing that people *are* our brothers and sisters, and so we do not help them. But we should do so. "He is the virtuous man," says the Hindoo proverb, "to whom the whole world is as one family. But the words, *I* and *mine*, constitute narrowness and baseness."

It is not agreeable to hear a man say, "It is for *my* interest," "It will benefit *me*." We feel attracted to the man who says, "It is a good thing;" "It ought to be done;" "It is needed." Needed, that is, by somebody. Are we not our brothers' keepers? While my brother requires a thing, and cannot secure it for himself, it is my affair also, and should be heeded. The

human race is one. We are all members one of another, and if one member suffer, all suffer. What should the word mankind mean, if not man-kind? Man-unkind makes a confusion in ideas as well as in language; there should be no such thing. The original word I know is *kin*, meaning race or kindred; but it was evidently the simple idea of the framers of our language, that kindred and kindness were the same thing. I am sorry to say, however, that it does not always appear so.

With Jesus it was so, nevertheless. He was not ashamed, it is written, to call us brethren; which we think a good deal to do, sometimes, to a man poorer, or more ignorant, or more vicious, or merely blacker, than we are. But more than this, he treated mankind as his brethren. He gave his life a ransom for many; but we think it a great deal if we give our life a ransom for one; even if that one be our feeble self. To judge from the way many preach in the churches and practice out

of them, the best thing we can do in life is not to keep our brothers, in any way, but to keep our own petty souls clear of the retribution due us for neglecting our brothers ; a view of life, certainly, very unlike that which helped Jesus to live and die.

I do not wish to do injustice to men. I know and believe that there are multitudes of quiet souls in the world, unseen saints and obscure martyrs, who spread around them a gentle and purifying influence, too modest to be recorded by historian or geographer. And yet the report of any eminent virtue travels fast, and many an obscure person, having been faithful over a few things, is suddenly made ruler over many. For every good action has the universe on its side, and all the laws of nature stand ready to assist its operation, and all the impulses of man's soul are prompting us to increase the sphere of every noble influence we hear reported.

The Future at all events takes care of it. The

rumors of any noble action last into the next generation, and the children are stimulated by hearing what their fathers have done. The nation forgets those who were only President or Senator — but remembers those who, with or without wealth and office, could aid their fellow men. Nay, even the little country town forgets who were the Selectmen and 'Squires of the last generation, but remembers the man who housed the poor and reformed the intemperate. "What should I do for posterity, (said the foolish English orator) what has posterity done for me?" Ah, but the Past has done much, which you can only pay to posterity. If you will, you can keep your brothers and your brothers' children; if you do not, even the voice of their blood from the next generation will call to you from the ground; saying, this ground you should have so consecrated, that even after you were gone, blood should flow here no more.

Worcester, Mass.

## In Memory of C. S.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

### I.

As the dread mystery that men call Life  
Evolves its shadowy foldings, and we feel  
Its painful tumult and perplexing strife  
About our onward pathway darkly steal,  
For Light and Comfort we at first appeal  
To Thee, O Comforter and Source of Light,  
Who can the straight and narrow way reveal  
Where sunshine rises on the darkest night.  
But as a lesser means of help and grace  
Thou in Thy Love dost give us, face to face  
A chosen few who even here below  
As they move onward without rest or stay,  
Shine bright and brighter to their perfect day,  
That they to us as guiding stars may show.

## II.

So hast Thou been to me, O Friend beloved !

As I have gazed upon thy daily course,  
Alike by this world's fear or love unmoved,  
How have I marvelled at its gentle force.  
Thy cheerful constancy has been the source  
Whence Hope and Healing flowed ; before thy face  
Sorrow and Want have smiled, and even Remorse  
Has heard thy tale of God's forgiving grace.  
No thought of station, color, clime, or creed,  
E'er checked thy noble thought or generous deed,  
Like God's, thy love enclosed the Human Race.  
O be it mine, by thy example taught,  
Resolves for higher effort, holier thought,  
As Offering meet upon thy Grave to place.

Weymouth, Mass.

## Pauperism and Slavery.

BY O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

CHANGE of opinion implies change of heart. Modes of thought only reveal moral dispositions. A man cannot see right, judge right, or reason right, until he has come to *feel* right. Hence to alter the character of a person's argument, you must convert his soul. This truth has been painfully illustrated in Anti-Slavery experience. Arguments have been repeatedly met and answered, beaten down, annihilated, and yet their shapes are seen stalking abroad among us, as composedly and complacently as if their title to existence had

never been called in question. We deal with them once more, but still

“ They rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools.”

But let us be patient : and give a moment more to the dissection of one of these anatomies. We are perpetually told even at this day, that there is nothing peculiar in the miseries of Slavery : that all its woes, in every shape, are found elsewhere, and are common to every state of poverty. The poor always suffer — suffer from want, from hunger and thirst and the elements, from physical deprivations of every kind. They suffer from ignorance, mental and moral. They have no advantages of culture. They work under compulsion, beneath the stinging lash of necessity, which cuts deeper into the flesh and into the spirit than the overseer's whip. The poor man cannot marry. His lot forbids him the human right of a home. He must

often tear himself away from wife and children for days and weeks, perhaps for years. He must come to America, or go to California, or follow the seas. He groans under the tyranny of the capitalist or the manufacturer's agent. He must go where he can get employment. He must remain in the service that gives him bread. He is chained by circumstances to a place or a master. In view of all this misery men say, Providence binds men to a servitude that is in every way as abject and terrible as the Slavery of America. Why then make this last the object of such especial condemnation? Why have so much to say about the black Slaves? Are there not white Slaves in greater numbers and worse off? Are there not Slaves of Labor, and Slaves of Capital, and Slaves of Machinery? Why single out the African for our peculiar commiseration? Such is the argument. Let it be fully understood. Let us not lessen its value by so much as a feather's weight. Let us accept every statement of it from every side. Let

us even hearken to the plea of the amiable Carolinian in his letter upon Uncle Tom's Cabin. That is a very singular pamphlet. Its postulates appear to be, First, that every Slave owner is, from his position, a perfect Christian. And Second, that the condition of absolute dependence upon a human will is vastly more desirable than the condition of moral dependence upon God. The tendency of the Letter would induce the belief that all the poor laboring people in the world would be infinitely better off as Slaves. But let us not turn away in scorn from the argument even when it speaks in this extravagant way. Suppose we listen. Nay, suppose we grant the substantial truth of the facts alleged. Suppose we concede that the pauper in any of our great cities is as wretchedly situated as the American Slave, physically, socially, intellectually, yes, and even morally. Such a concession we cannot make. There is evidence enough to show that Slavery, wherever it may be, encourages the most hideous

vices, vices which something even in modern pauperism tends to keep in check. The irreligion of Slaves is not the impatient unbelief of sorrow, the energetic protest of the soul against ideas it cannot put faith in, the stern defiance of a God whose power seems only wilfulness. Far worse than this. The irreligion of Slavery consists in the very absence and banishment of the soul itself. It is the destruction of the spiritual faculty, not its mighty but erring activity. The exigencies of Poverty stimulates the mind if they do not elevate it : but Slavery changes into water the blood of the brain. Even socially the lot of the Slave is below that of any pauper. An intelligent Englishman, the author of "Friends in Council," writing to a gentleman in this country says, "There is even in our poorest districts, and in the worst of times, all the difference (between the poor man and the Slave) that exists between humanity and barbarism ; between the dignified suffering of a man oppressed by untoward circumstances, and the

abject wretchedness of another driven about like a beast ; in short, between manhood and brutehood." No ; we cannot, by any means, allow that so close a parallel exists between the Condition of Poverty under *any* circumstances, and the Condition of Slavery. But for the sake of argument let us make the concession.

We say then, that it is not because of the peculiar unhappiness it causes that we wage this deadly war against Slavery. In support of our cause we do not plead the awful miseries of Slavery, nor are we in the least indisposed to allow for misery elsewhere, or to contribute our utmost endeavor towards its alleviation and removal. We war against Slavery because it is a *crime* : because as an evil in society, it is wholly dependent upon man's will, upon *individual* man's will, and is therefore entirely of the nature of human *guilt*. Let this be clearly understood. For in this one respect Slavery is perfectly distinguished from every kind of Poverty. Other evils are *providen-*

*tial*, as we call them ; that is to say they grow out of the inevitable condition of things : nobody in particular causes them, or is answerable for them. But Slavery is a voluntary sin. Pauperism, in all its dismal shapes, with all its terrible sorrows, is an old fact resulting from man's ignorance, error, and general imperfection, and will be outgrown as man becomes more wise and powerful, as he better understands himself and the world, and acquires more extensive command over the materials furnished for his earthly well-being. This process must be long and painful ; all such development necessarily is. Slavery, on the other hand, is an institution which the conscious will of man has built up, and which the same will, faithfully exerted, might, for anything outside of itself to interfere, abolish in a year, a month, a week, a day, in the brief moment that suffices to make a moral resolution. To remove Pauperism, the very elements of society must be transmuted ; the ingredients of human nature must be newly

mingled ; the fields of mortal passion must be sown with other seed ; the race must attain to a nobler stature. To remove Slavery, one deep moral conviction, such as motives of humanity and religion might impart, is alone necessary. Slavery is an excrescence, an accident, a monstrous exception to the providential tenor of society. It is not implicated in the very progress, woven into the very texture of civilization as Pauperism is ; all civilization is against it, is impatient of it ; the lowest form of civilization cries out at it. Pauperism, from its nature, involves no direct Guilt. Slavery is essential Guilt.

Let us suppose for a moment that Pauperism did stand upon the same footing with Slavery. Suppose you could point to a few thousand men, who were directly answerable for the mental and moral imbecility, the wretchedness and vice which poverty engenders, as directly answerable for it as the Slaveholder is for the miseries of the Slave. Suppose you knew the men who wilfully caused

the tears and curses and crime that break the heart of thousands, and endanger the safety and peace of all. Would the community endure such abominable wickedness for a day? Would the government submit to it? Most assuredly not. Those men would be compelled to cease from their wickedness at any sacrifice of property or personal right. No terms would be kept with them. If they did not at once yield to the imperative voice of humanity, an army would spring up, as by magic, to root them out from the earth.

Now precisely this *is* the case with Slavery. And this fact alone, setting its relative agonies wholly aside, this fact alone sets it apart from all other social evils, as an object of assault. For this reason especially, that it *can* be abolished, we demand that it *shall* be abolished. For this reason especially, we direct against it all the power of natural justice and humanity, all the power of the religion of Christ. From this point we will not be diverted. If a man does not per-

ceive it, we will pour the light of heaven upon his eyes till they open from very aching. If a man sees it and does not feel it, in his heart and conscience, we will steadily hold before him the law of justice and humanity until his wayward passions are overawed and his selfish affections are subdued. If a man wilfully turns away from viewing it, if he craftily palliates or basely evades it, we will hold him up as guilty before God and man.

Salem, Mass.

## Statement respecting the Commerce of Hayti.

BY M. DORVELAS-DORVAL.

THE commerce of Hayti has always attracted the attention of maritime powers. England, France, Holland and Belgium, the Hanseatic cities, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Prussia, Austria, Sardinia, the United States of America, the neighboring main and islands, with the exception of those belonging to Spain, have always had reason to felicitate themselves on their commercial intercourse with her.

In the best days of the French colony, and under the severest form of Slavery, St. Domingo furnished annually to the mother country not less

than one hundred and thirty-four millions of francs, [upwards of twenty-six millions of dollars,] in the amount of provisions which it produced for exportation ; and its ports contained a considerable number of ships. As many as six hundred vessels have been counted at once in the harbor of Cape Haytien, and fifty in that of Port-de-paix, one of the most contracted. But, since those terrible catastrophes which were introductory to the liberty and independence of this island, the great plantations have been destroyed by fire, the fields laid waste, and the workmen disorganized and transformed into soldiers ; it is obvious, then, that the same result can no longer be obtained. Afterwards, the intestine wars, waged for the purpose of humbling or of maintaining the pride of chiefs, disputing among themselves the supremacy, dragged, from 1807 to 1820, the car of death and devastation over this beautiful territory, reducing every day its population, both by losses on the field of battle, and by emigration to other countries. The

spectacle is yet a living one ; for there, where formerly stretched out, far as the eye could reach, vast plantations of sugar-cane with their white plumes ; where stood those superb sugar-houses, whose smoke ascended into the air in lofty cone-like columns, and where the measured song of a thousand male and female laborers, under the whip of the overseer, filled the air day and night with harsh accents, now extend thick forests, where the eye of the traveller sees only ruins and rubbish, a shapeless mixture of walls overthrown, canals destroyed, utensils broken to pieces, and aqueducts on beautiful arches, speaking witnesses everywhere of the opulence of colonial times.

During the twenty-five years of the happy administration of President Boyer, *free labor* furnished annually forty millions [pounds] of coffee, which had then become the principal article of cultivation in the country. Cacao, cotton, fustic, lignumvitæ, and brazil-wood, were produced alternately in a greater or less degree. Logwood has now become

one of the most productive articles of traffic. But there is one branch of industry, of no importance in colonial times, which now absorbs the strength of great numbers, viz., the trade in mahogany, which has found an immense opening in England and Germany; and thus this new business has become a source of wealth to those who have devoted themselves to it; the principal markets of it are Gonaives, Port-au-Prince, and Santo Domingo. Since the separation of the eastern part of the island from the Haytians, this product diminishes gradually, by reason of the difficulty of obtaining the trees, which are mostly found in the forests of the east, at present forming the Dominican territory. Sugar, white and clayed, is no longer made, because the Dutch and American sugars can be obtained in our towns at a more favorable price; and the larger part of the syrup which comes from the sugar-cane is unhappily made into rum for home consumption—a business too widely spread, and fatal to the people, whom it brings more and more

to brutality and to idleness, enfeebling an intelligent youth already under the influence of an exciting climate. So there is a sensible decrease of the population, chiefly in the cities, where a frightful consumption of these spirituous liquors occurs, by reason of the indolence which extensively prevails, and which is called *killing time*.

Our commerce now consists in coffee, cacao, cotton, bees-wax, honey, ginger, starch, green citron, citron-juice, oranges, cacao-straw, gum-guaiacum, cassia, pistachio, raw hides, tortoise-shell, ox-horns, and linen rags; and, among the precious woods, mahogany — which is divided into the following kinds, viz., the waved, the spotted, and the ordinary; — logwood, of which the best is that of St. Mark; — lignumvitæ, fustic, and brazil-wood. Other kinds, quite as remarkable, might be advantageously used in other countries, — such as cedar, manchineel, yellow sandal-wood, marble-wood, white-wood, cochon-wood, white

and red iron-wood, everlasting, and the almond-wood.

The working of our salt-pits would also be highly advantageous for the export trade ; they are very abundant, the principal being the Grand Saline and the Coridon at Artibonite, and those of La Beâte, at present unworked. Some others are remarkable as curiosities ; as, for instance, the marshes of Port-de-Paix, which, at certain seasons, are covered with salt.

Our monetary system differs also from that of other countries, consisting exclusively of paper money. Gold and silver money of a standard currency is with us only an article of brokerage. Down even to 1807, the commencement of our intestine dissensions, gold and silver circulated abundantly in the country. That was the result of the forced labor of the *old regime*. But the territorial resources of the country having gradually diminished, through the loss of the labor of a large portion of the people become soldiers, its metallic

wealth diminished also, to that extent that the government, with a view to arrest the going away of the little silver which yet remained, caused little pieces to be cut out from the *gourdes*, leaving them worth a hundred centimes, [about twenty cents,] and the value of the piece extracted was reckoned at eighteen centimes. About sixty thousand piastres underwent this operation. In less than a year, all the pierced *gourdes*, and even the little pieces which were cut out, had disappeared from circulation by exportation abroad. Then, to meet their urgent wants, they issued money of lead, pewter, or copper, called Hayti money, and which the soldiers themselves coined publicly on the ramparts, in sight of the enemy, and in spite of the efforts of the authorities. To get rid of this inconvenience, a new money was decreed — the *serpent money* — two-thirds alloy, to the amount of one million one hundred thousand *gourdes*, which lasted until 1817. From that time dates the *effigy money* of five-twelfths intrinsic value,

to the amount of one hundred thousand *gourdes*, which gradually increased until 1824, when it was one million three hundred thousand *gourdes*; and from that time to 1834, when it ceased to be made, there had been two million five hundred and ninety-five thousand five hundred and fifteen *gourdes*, metallic value, in circulation. The imperial necessities also required, in 1826, the emission of treasury bills, and these together with the alloyed money form the current money of the country to this day, without counting the copper money called *billon* [base money.] In 1843, at the downfall of President Boyer, the amount of treasury bills had risen to three millions of *gourdes*, and since then the number has still farther increased. The *billons* now bear the effigy of the Emperor. The piastre is worth about fifteen *gourdes* of our money.

Such is a tolerably correct view of the Commerce of Hayti, and of its monetary system.

Gonaives, 16th September, 1852.

## Nan's Lot in Life.

A TALE.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

NAN was a workhouse girl, — born in a workhouse, and reared there. Nobody could tell her what her other name was ; for nobody knew. Her mother was brought to the workhouse gate an hour before Nan's birth ; and the tinker with whom she had travelled trudged on, saying he would come back when she should be sufficiently recovered to travel with him again. He did return ; but, hearing that the poor creature had died, the same day that he left her, and thinking, no doubt, that the child would be a great inconvenience to him, he

vanished, and was never seen there again. He had not said what his name was ; and the poor woman was too ill to be asked any questions ; and thus it was that the child had no other name than NAN, — which was given her in baptism, because everybody must have a name ; and this was the first that occurred. She grew up at the time when parishes were in the habit of shifting their paupers from one to another by bribing the men of one settlement to marry the women of another ; and when she was eighteen, she found herself married to a country lout who was as ignorant as herself, (which is saying everything,) and not much inclined to hedge and ditch for five shillings a week, when he could live more comfortably in a work-house. As their family came on, they became burdensome. Times were bad for the farmers ; and it was thought as well to try the experiment of shipping off families to the colonies, where they could maintain themselves. BILL and NAN grumbled : they did not want to move : they did not

know what a colony was : they did not know what the sea was. But they were obliged to go.

In a very short time a change came over them. Ignorant as they were, they were human. They had found that out when they were married ; and yet more, when their first child was born. They found what it was to love ; and love, with them as with a superior order of people, opened their minds wonderfully. So, when they travelled to London by the stage-wagon, (there were no railroads in those days,) they saw more things than they would have noticed in their youth. They stared at the towns ; and, as they walked up the hills behind the slow wagon, they gathered flowers out of the hedges for the children ; and, when they were taken through London, they agreed that they had never seen such a place before. By the time they got to sea, they were wide awake ; and when their seasickness was over, they became quite merry. They played with the children : they helped little BILL to climb : they made a rag doll for MEG out

of an old cotton handkerchief: they looked for great leaping fishes, when they had once seen a fish leap; and even learned the names of a porpoise and a black fish: and they talked for an hour together about how there could be so many little brown birds in a place so watery, where there were no hedges for miles and miles for the creatures to roost in. They had a good many companions on board, going on the same errand, — some wiser than themselves, and some very silly, and even brutish. From the wiser they heard a little about the country they were going to, and found it was really true that, if they chose to work hard, they might in time have a cottage and a bit of land of their own. This new hope brightened their minds again; and the brutish behaviour of the worst of their companions bound their hearts together more than before; so that the voyage was quite an education to them; and they would have landed in the colony very different people from what they were when they left their parish, if they

had ever landed in the colony at all. But they never did.

One night, when they had all got to sleep, in spite of the heat, they were awakened by a great shock and crash. The ship had struck upon a coral reef. The water came in so that the captain said they could not go on. Moreover, others said, though he did not, that most likely everybody would go to the bottom; that it was doubtful whether the ship would hold together till daylight. It just did that, and no more. When the blazing sun came up out of the sea, there was not much of the vessel above water, and only a few of the passengers were to be seen. BILL and NAN and their three children were there — looking sometimes at each other, and sometimes at the land, which was so near that they thought it would be the hardest thing that ever was if they could not get to it. The captain was drowned, the mate said, and they must shift for themselves, the best way they could. While they were staring at the land, (a curious

land, with wonderfully tall grass, and trees with the oddest boughs, like green fans,) they saw something moving among the woods on the ridge ; and in another minute, a great number of people came running down the hill.

“*Are they people?*” asked NAN. “Yes, — no, — yes ; but their clothes fit them so tight !”

“And they have all got black faces !” exclaimed BILL. “Why — that they have ! and, as I live, they have got no clothes at all, — only, just a little about their waists. Well ! I never see such a sight !”

The mate said they were dark-skinned savages ; and he wished they might be safe to deal with ; but he doubted it.

It was necessary, however, to put this to the proof. The ship broke up, and before the planks all floated away, the family must save themselves, if at all. BILL was cleverer about this sort of thing than about some others ; for certain night-poachings in a river at home had familiarized him

with being up to the armpits in rushing water, and now and then popping over head. He now used his strong limbs to the best advantage, and placed his family safely on the beach. The dark-skinned people came about them, stared, stroked their skins, laughed, and seemed highly amused. They did not kill, nor even hurt anybody ; but they were, NAN declared, the most uncivil folks she had ever seen. There was one person, a woman, who had some gay feathers in her hair, who was quieter than the rest. Everybody made way for her ; and NAN found afterwards that this was the Queen of the island.

These people killed nobody ; but NAN often said in her heart that she almost wished they had. Some fish was brought ; and she was compelled to lay her infant on the ground, and make a fire on the beach, and cook, not only for her own family, but for as many of the savages as were hungry, from morning till night. More and more came, — some pouring over the hills, some in boats from

distant islands. More than once she dropped from fatigue. If they permitted her husband to lift her up, they allowed him little time to comfort her : — he was to bring the wood for the fire ; and they would not let him be idle. It was a weary and dreary day ; but the morrow was worse. Early in the morning, when NAN was at last asleep on the sands, she was aroused by a cry from her husband. She knew it was his voice, before she was well awake. Half a dozen of the dark men were forcing him away, and into a boat. There were plenty more to hold her back when she would have sprung after him. The boat was rowed away ; and she never saw BILL again.

The people evidently meant not to be cruel. They showed by signs that she should have plenty to eat and drink : they gave her gay feathers to put in her hair : they played with the children : and they showed her that she was to have a husband, though BILL was gone. She resisted, as long as she could ; but, to keep her children with

her, she was compelled to yield. As soon as she got to understand their language at all, she found that they considered her to be in a position of peculiar favor. She was in the service of the Queen herself; and the Queen's Slave was secure from being treated with any unusual violence. When her new husband could make himself understood, he asked her what she would have. He would not allow anybody to knock out her brains: she had food enough to eat; she might sing if she chose; and he liked to see her with a string of shells around her neck. What would she have more? — She would like a little time, to sit on the rocks, and look for a sail at sea. — No; that would not be good for her. If she saw a sail, it would be of no use to her: and, even if she could go away, it would be the worst possible thing for her; for this island was the best country in the world; and it was foolish for any one who could live there to wish to be anywhere else; — very silly and ungrateful. She must go and bring some wood,

and boil some fish, and think no more of watching for a sail. One of her bitterest thoughts was about whether BILL had been compelled to take a black wife. If he had, she feared he might forget her in time, though she felt sure she should never forget him. Her new husband, through jealousy, divined her thoughts. But for his jealousy, he could never, he told her, have conceived so horrid an idea. If any woman of the dark race had the slightest reason to suppose that BILL ever dreamed of such a thing, she would have him burned alive. Why, — the devil was of her pale complexion : and did she suppose any woman with a dark skin would marry with a white man ? And the man, and all to whom he whispered it, were so shocked as to be speechless. Poor NAN had a double burden of work after that hour. Worse still, — little BILL, who caught up the new language with a child's quickness, let out that he knew that the devil was black. He paid dearly for his opinion. He was too dangerous to be left by his mother's

side : and he was carried off to another island. Little MEG was early put in training to be one of the twenty-five wives to whom the Queen's son had a customary right. NAN could not, for a long while, comprehend this, seeing how shocking had been her notion that her husband might marry again : and she never did get to understand it. She was told she was stupid ; she was asked whether she herself was not the wife of a man of the superior race. She never understood the mystery. And it was not the only puzzle that distracted her poor brain.

One day in the year was appointed for a great festival. On that day the natives celebrated their deliverance from the domination of a tribe whom they had driven from the island. When all the cooking was done, and when the drum was heard afar off, and the laughter of the people dancing, the Queen, with one or two attendants, walked away along the beach, looking at the moonbeams on the rippling water. She came upon NAN, who

was sitting with her two children under a palm tree, — the mother weeping bitterly, — one child asleep, the other wondering.

The Queen inquired into her regrets, and found that, in her country, it was so different from what it was here ! There, one's life was safe ; and she could never feel sure of her children's lives here. There, people belonged to themselves, and could make themselves happy, or try to do so, in their own way.

“ So it is here,” replied the Queen. “ If you understood our language better, you would know that that is what we have been rejoicing about to-day. Everybody now has — what everybody ought to have, — security as to life, — and liberty, — and to be happy.”

“ And I,” — cried NAN, starting up, “ I and my children . . . ? ”

“ You and your children are out of the question, of course,” replied the Queen. “ Look at your skins, — how disgustingly pale they are ! They

are darker, however, than when you arrived, and that shows how good it is for you to be here. But you know, you are of an inferior race ; and I have undertaken to arrange your happiness for you. You may be as happy here as your nature allows, if you only think so. Why do you sigh ? You like your own ways better than my arrangements ! That shows how you need my care. But, — it now occurs to me, — were you a princess in your own country ? — You were not ? — Then, there is *no* excuse for these tears. Your Fetish made your skin pale. Mine allowed me the privilege of a dark one. I must know what is good for you, therefore, better than you can yourself : and, after explaining the case to you, I shall have you punished if I see you again sullen. For this time, I forgive you.”

“ Mother,” said MEG, when the Queen was out of hearing, “ what is there so bad in our skins being pale ? ”

“The people here do n’t like them. They treat us as if we were cattle on that account.”

“But why? — ’cause I like ours best.”

“To be sure; so do I. But these people know no better, because they are savages.”

“O dear!” sighed MEG. “I wonder what we ever are to do.”

“Indeed I do n’t know, my child; unless it is to keep remembering home, all we can, and pray God to take us out of our bondage, one day or other.”

If NAN still lives, she is no doubt striving after this. If she has died, there can be no doubt that, in her gladness to get away any how, this was her last thought. As for her children, they have probably sunk to be the inferior race that they are constantly desired to consider themselves.

July 4th, 1852.

## The Young Sailor.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

It was in the enlightened city of Cambridge, Massachusetts, some years ago, that I once listened to a mass of argument against the abolition of Slavery, that the dark ages and the dark places of the earth might well be ashamed of. It would put a stop to agriculture, ruin commerce, impoverish the master, distress the Slave, *turn back civilization, bring back barbarism*, and thus destroy the prospects of liberty in the United States, and consequently throughout the world.

It seemed absurd, indeed, to offer a refutation to all this contradictory nonsense from the lips of an American professing to be a Republican and a

Christian : his nation, his politics, and his religion being a guarantee that what he said was dictated by hypocrisy, from the inspiration of selfishness ; and could he have been suddenly transported to the palace of Truth, he must have confessed as much. Being a college professor, he would necessarily have added, " I am afraid the agitation of the subject will offend the oligarchy at the South, and that the University may lose students, and I my place."

It is worse than useless to indulge men of this stamp with a reply ; I meekly inquired whether, if the three millions of blacks could be suddenly turned white, he would venture to present a single one of these considerations for keeping them in Slavery. An ignorant, unthinking, vulgar prejudice is, in fact, the American's only ally in the war which his mistaken notions of political and pecuniary interest lead him to wage against Liberty : how uncertain a one a single fact will show, which fell under my own observation.

It was the year when the failing health of a friend demanded a warmer climate than that of New England. The physician recommended that of Virginia or Carolina ; but the name and character of an Abolitionist would be certain to expose the invalid to popular violence, and thus defeat the purpose of the journey. It was therefore reluctantly decided to visit Haiti instead of our own Southern States. It afterwards appeared, by observations, four times carefully repeated during successive voyages, of the improved health of the patient in thirty-nine degrees north latitude, that the climate of our own District of Columbia was the one which might perhaps have saved that most valuable life to his country, his family, and the cause. But this is foreign to my present purpose. I am not now to show the worthlessness of the Union to a Christian and a gentleman.

It was with a cheerful and a hopeful spirit that we went on board the little schooner of a hundred and twenty tons, bound to the City of the Cape.

The shallow craft glided so level with the waves, that one could gather the gulf-weed with one's hand from amidships. The weather was generally good, and the opportunity for making acquaintance with the sea and the little world on board, was much better than is afforded by larger accommodations, during the passage to Europe by steam. Decidedly the most interesting of our ship's company was the mate, a native of the State of Maine : — a handsome boy — one could hardly call him more — notwithstanding his high dignity on the little quarter deck. He was, to be sure, like most youths of eighteen, “wiser than seven men that can render a reason ;” but then it is by no means the worst quality in the world, — this superior wisdom of youth ; since but for it the world would stand still in the paths of the past. Whenever his duties would permit, we fell into conversation upon all things under the sun ; above all, upon those especially American things, politics and religion. Of course, we soon stumbled upon the Anti-Slavery

question, so eminently religious and political. The youth had not yet learned our names, and so we had the benefit of his undisguised opinion of ourselves and our enterprise.

“ A set of fools ! ” he said. “ Nothing can be made of *niggers*. They are the descendants of Cain, and their color is God’s mark, set upon them that they may be avoided, wherever they go. The Bible says they shall be accursed, and the servants of servants, and Christ says that every jot and tittle of the old law shall be fulfilled. They are an inferior race, and there is a natural repugnance between them and us : it is an ordination of Providence. And yet those crazy Abolitionists have repealed the intermarriage law, and are insulting our Southern brethren by trying to make our Government receive a black Ambassador from the island we’re going to ! If the same time and money they’ve wasted had been spent properly, they might, by this time, have bought up all the *niggers* at the South, and shipped them home to

Africa, where they came from. Our minister is an agent of the Colonization Society, and he thinks that, upon the most moderate calculation, these violent proceedings of the Abolitionists, few as they are, have put back Emancipation at least two hundred years. The State of Massachusetts, where they first started, ought to take the law of them. Gov. Everett said it might be done, a long time ago. The State of Georgia *has* offered five thousand dollars for the head of their ringleader, Garrison." Here he laughed a superb laugh of satisfaction and contempt, for he felt that he was on the strong side ; — that one and only side which the discriminating faculties of Jonathan are exercised from infancy to discover.

I did not ask him what the South would do, deprived of three millions of laborers ; nor whether the navies of the world would suffice for their transportation ; nor what resources the fatal Liberian coast offered for their subsistence ; nor whether they would consent to go ; nor whether the rule

that made Africa their home, would not make Europe ours, and leave the United States to the red men ; nor whether the Slaveholders would not cry in chorus, (as one of them, Latrobe, President too of a Colonization Society, more recently did to Victor Hugo ;) “ Speak of colonizing our *Slaves*, if you dare ! ” Neither did it seem advisable to meet the other arguments, — historical, theological, physiological, arithmetical, or dystogistical ; — to inquire what need there was of a legal prohibition of intermarriage, if such an intense repugnance existed between the races ; or how color could be the mark of Cain, seeing that his posterity perished in Noah’s flood ; or whether the remarkable two hundred years problem with which Slaveholders amuse Abolitionists, did not equal, in its lucid profusion of data, the celebrated one with which the cabin boy proposed to puzzle the lords of the admiralty : — “ If half a pound of tobacco cost sixpence, what will a cartload of turnips amount to ? ” I omitted, too, to ask what violence there

was in petitioning for the repeal of a law we did n't like, or for the reception of an ambassador we did ; as the rest of the world do ; whether the negroes were not human, and, therefore, they too, our Southern brethren, without consulting Moses ; or what was gained for Christ, by representing his teachings to be in opposition to every sentiment of honor, and justice, and humanity ; — every dictate of benevolence, and common sense, and religion. I contented myself with asking whether “Steward,” (the black cook and functionary-of-all-work,) was not quite a clever fellow, and a great comfort to the ship's company ; — Bible-commentary, ordination of providence, natural repugnance, New England ministry, and the Colonization Society, notwithstanding. Taste and choice, I admitted, were rights, in all questions of Color, while they became the deadliest wrongs in the question of Justice. I left him the last word, which was, that it was useless to talk — a white man could not help hating the whole colored race, and that, like the

hatred of God against the wicked, it must be visited upon them even to the third and fourth generation.

We were here interrupted by the cry of land, and soon saw the breakers beating upon the well known shoal of the *Mouchoir Carré*, and felt our way through that splendid tropical sea of which the bright transparent colors make one fancy that it was after seeing such, that lapidaries first called their most precious stones, jewels of the first *water*. The land was no less beautiful than the sea, and the gentle and spirited people worthy of their clime.

Among the families whose acquaintance we made, was that of Mr. Bird, the excellent protestant missionary from the island of Jersey. He was a minister of the Methodist persuasion, and though at that time unsuccessful in making converts to his sect, it was not for lack of zeal or of excellence of character. Whenever I attended his chapel, I was greatly struck by the

singing of a young girl in the choir, the practised strength and sweetness of whose voice reminded me of the tones of the Garcia family, which had dwelt in my memory from early youth. In that small chapel the notes were even more effective than theirs in the great opera-houses ; and the inspiration of the singing was the same. I often left the imposing cathedral service of the chanted Mass, at which all the rank and fashion of the city assisted, with martial and religious pomp, to listen to the singer of the little Methodist chapel, putting her soul into a strain which I could fancy tradition to have handed down through the ranks of French protestantism, from the Albigenes, and the Vaudois, the Calvinists, and the Huguenots ; though it may quite as probably be of Catholic origin, being so eminently human in its passion and its power, as to satisfy the universal cry of the human heart for self-devotedness worthy of adoration : —

JESUS LE CRUCIFIE.

Walking one day along the shore between the city of the Cape and fort Picolet, I heard the same voice in the open air long before we reached the spot from which it seemed to come, — where, through a gap in the line of roofless palaces, you see a single palm relieved against the purple mountains and the amethyst and emerald sea. We drew nearer and nearer, the voice still rising and falling at intervals, till we were nigh enough to hear the showery rustle of the Palmiste leaves, which, mingled with the gentle shock of the waves upon the pebbles, came in like a symphony between. Our approach disturbed the music, and, as it afterwards appeared, interrupted an interview; for we heard the sounds of rapidly retreating steps, and found the little singer alone. “Pray tell me,” earnestly exclaimed our companion, Mrs. Bird, “what you know about that young man who has just left her? He is the mate of the vessel that brought you here; and this girl being a domestic in my family, her beauty, her color, (Mrs. Bird

was an Englishwoman, and did not comprehend the prejudice,) and her friendlessness, make me feel a sort of maternal responsibility for her. She has a wonderful capacity for all accomplishments, — music, dancing, languages, all seeming natural to her. She speaks some equally well, though she is ignorant of abundance of things that no English child could help knowing. She can do whatever she chooses, to a miracle almost, and what she does not like, she does altogether as ill. It is the true artistic organization, — flexible, graceful, ardent, eloquent. Your young New Englander is very much in love with her. He urges her to marry him immediately. She says she is too young and too ignorant. He tells her he will wait a year or two, and in the meanwhile she shall live in his father's family, in the State of Maine, and go to school."

I never knew the conclusion of this little romance of real life ; — whether the father's prejudices were as vincible as the son's ; — whether the

village schoolmaster and his pupils were receptive in their feelings, or whether they contented themselves with invectives against the ignorance and degradation of a race their prejudices excluded from instruction. One should not expect of them more delicacy and humanity, more independence and Christian principle, nor less vulgarity and servility, than characterize the "Corinthian capital of polished society," — the University Government of Cambridge, Massachusetts, of which the medical department, only three years ago, refused to a worthy young colored man the privilege of continuing his studies under such advantages as it possessed, after having had a demand as to their intentions respecting him served upon them by some of the students. That the young colored man was worthy appears from the letter of recommendation given him by Mr. Everett to the American Minister at Paris, Mr. Rives, asking any services he might require in the prosecution of the course of study

requisite to fit him for the practice of the medical profession in *Liberia*.

This much could be safely asked of a Slaveholder, since it was not for a Slave, who is wanted at home, but for a free man of color, who must be got rid of lest his presence should make Slaves discontented. What matters it to the United States what the climate of Liberia is? It is not necessary, as the ancient said, that the free man of color should *live*, — “il n'est pas payé pour ça,” — it is only important that he should *go*.

I never knew what the village schoolmaster did in the case of the colored girl, but I can hardly dare to suppose him less ignorant or more free from cowardly submission to a corrupt public opinion, than the men who control the educational arrangements of that “Athens of the New World,” Boston.

The climate proving too intense for the purpose which induced us to seek it, we lost sight, in leav-

ing it, of our interesting young couple at the most interesting crisis of their affairs; but I cherish them in my recollection as adding one more to the hundreds and thousands of proofs that prejudice against color is like ice,—subject to too many accidents to build the institutions of a nation upon. As surely as the sun and southern wind unlocks the rivers, so surely must prejudice yield to love and justice, and Slavery consequently disappear.

Paris, October 6, 1852.

### Russia and the Russians.

[An admirable work bearing the above title on the condition and prospects of Russia, was published in Paris, in 1847, by Monsieur TOURGUENEFF. This accomplished gentleman is a Russian Noble, (exiled and under sentence of death since 1825,) for having cast in his lot with the Serfs by advocating their emancipation while minister of Finance and member of the Imperial Council of State. He is one of those truly wise and good men whose opinions cannot fail to have great influence wherever they are known. With him Freedom is a question of fundamental right as well as of national policy. After reading certain copies of the *Liberator*, and *Standard*, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which I had sent him, he addressed to me the following Letter, which I entreated permission to publish here. I am convinced that a body of good men, of all countries, who should be at the same time great enough to create for themselves a sphere of moral action higher than that of national policy and founded on the deepest principles of universal and absolute right, would soon be able to change the moral aspect of the world and abolish such institutions as Serfdom and Slavery. It is to make such men acquainted with each other for such a purpose, that the "LIBERTY BELL" is published. — M. W. C.]

**Lettre.**

Je vous remercie, Madame, de la communication que vous avez bien voulu me faire de quelques journaux contenant les comptes rendus de différentes réunions où des discours ont été prononcés en faveur de l'esclavage, et surtout contre ceux qui s'efforcent de le faire disparaître de votre pays. Quelle lecture, grand Dieu ! Je n'aurais jamais pensé que la perversité de l'entendement et du cœur humain pût aller aussi loin. En effet, plusieurs des orateurs qui ont pris la parole dans ces discussions, non contents d'accabler de toutes sortes d'argumens de leur façon les adversaires de l'esclavage, se sont efforcés, — les malheureux, — de prouver que la possession de l'homme par l'homme est conforme à l'Ecriture Sainte ! Quelques uns ont poussé la démence jusqu' à proclamer que s'opposer à l'existence de l'esclavage c'était s'opposer à la volonté de Dieu, et

que les Abolitionnistes étaient tout bonnement des athées.

La possibilité d'une telle argumentation à été pour moi une véritable découverte ; et jamais, non jamais, je n'avais ressenti une impression pareille à celle que m'a causée la lecture de ces discours. D'abord je ne voulais pas en croire mes yeux ; puis, je crus que ma propre raison se troublait et que je comprenais mal les paroles et les imprécations furibondes de ces maniaques. En tous cas, si le doute était encore possible, j'aurais été complètement édifié en lisant le rapport fait par un ministre presbytérien dans un de vos Etats du Nord, et qui, au nom d'un Synode, conclut à la conformité de l'esclavage avec la Bible.

Je suis toujours confondu quand je vois les défenseurs de l'esclavage s'efforcer de s'appuyer sur le texte sacré. Ils vous citent un passage de la Bible qui, selon eux, admet l'esclavage, un autre qui le justifie et le consacre. Le rapporteur du Synode fait preuve, à cet égard, d'une érudi-

tion très méritoire. Il ajoute, — soit dit en passant, — que l'Eglise n'a pas le droit et encore moins l'obligation de sortir de la Bible et de suivre les systèmes politiques ou philosophiques qui, dans le cours des temps, se produisent parmi les hommes. Le pieux rapporteur compte évidemment, dans le nombre de ces systèmes politiques ou philosophiques, l'opinion sur la nécessité de l'émancipation. La Bible, dit-il en résumé, admet l'esclavage ; l'Eglise doit se renfermer dans la Bible, et, par conséquent admettre aussi l'esclavage ; elle doit s'abstenir de le combattre, et — la logique est impitoyable — elle doit le défendre, et, en le défendant, persécuter ceux qui veulent l'émancipation. Hors de la Bible, et par conséquent hors de l'esclavage, point de salut.

Quelle aberration ! Quelle confusion ! Et après avoir tant étudié la Bible, tant tourmenté ses textes, pourquoi donc laissent-ils tout-à-fait de côté ces paroles de l'Evangile qui ordonnent d'aimer son prochain comme soi-même ?

Moi qui, dans mon pays, passais ma vie à combattre l'esclavage, à discuter sans cesse cette question avec les partisans de cette odieuse institution, je croyais connaître à fond tous les argumens, tous les sophismes, toutes les hypocrisies, toutes les absurdités que des hommes égoïstes et pervers accumulent d'ordinaire contre l'émancipation. Tantôt c'est le bien de l'Etat, de la communauté en général, que l'on met en avant, et l'on dit que la commotion inséparable de l'émancipation d'un nombre considérable de serfs ou d'esclaves occasionnerait des préjudices sérieux au bien-être, à la prospérité, à la sécurité publiques. Tantôt c'est le droit de propriété que l'on invoque, et l'on prétend que le possesseur d'esclaves ne saurait être exproprié sans une indemnité préalable et amplement suffisante. Tantôt c'est le bien de ces pauvres esclaves eux-mêmes qui vient défrayer l'argumentation de ces philosophes d'une nouvelle espèce, qui tâchent de vous persuader que le sort de l'esclave n'est pas du tout aussi malheureux que

des hommes ignorans et superficiels le croient en général ; que le maître, en retour du travail, assure la subsistance de l'esclave, le protège dans le besoin, le soigne dans les maladies, etc., etc. La simplicité, l'ignorance, l'abrutissement même de ce pauvre être humain, privé de l'attribut le plus essentiel de l'humanité, sont produits par ces horribles hypocrites comme des preuves de la nécessité, de l'utilité, et, par conséquent, de la justice de l'esclavage.

“ Que ferez-vous, disent-ils, de tous ces gens habitués à une contrainte perpétuelle, à l'obéissance passive, élevés sous le fouët, dans la plus complète ignorance, si vous les rendez à la liberté, si vous faites appel à leur libre arbitre, à leurs obligations civiles et morales comme hommes ? Qu'en feront-ils eux-mêmes, de cette liberté dont ils n'ont pas appris à jouir, dont ils ont pu désirer les avantages, mais dont les conditions sévères de travail, de prévoyance, de probité, restent complètement cachées à leurs yeux ? Affranchis

d'hier, ils viendront demain, poussés par la faim, redemander leurs chaînes pour avoir un morceau de pain. C'est donc dans l'intérêt bien entendu des esclaves eux-mêmes que l'esclavage doit être maintenu."

Toutes ces déclamations, ridicules quand elles ne sont pas odieuses, sont basées, comme vous le voyez, Madame, plutôt sur le principe de la *convenance* (expediency) que sur le principe du droit. Les défenseurs de l'esclavage, en Russie, ne vont pas, en général, plus loin ; et si, par aventure, ils se hasardent à s'appuyer sur le texte de la Bible, ils ne font que citer son autorité, pour prouver que chez les peuples dont il y est question il y a eu aussi des esclaves. Une fois seulement, j'ai entendu un individu proférer, pour prouver la sainteté de l'institution, ce blasphème odieusement vulgaire, que les descendants de Cham étaient prédestinés par Dieu même à rester à tout jamais dans l'esclavage. Mais cette atroce bêtise fut

couverte de risées par ceux-mêmes qui approuvaient le principe défendu de cette manière.

Amené à parler, dans mon ouvrage sur la Russie, des difficultés que la discussion sur l'esclavage et l'émancipation rencontre à chaque pas, par suite de l'ordre de choses établi dans ce pays, je n'ai pu m'empêcher de jeter un coup d'œil de douloureuse envie sur les Etats-Unis, où la parole est libre, où la presse est libre, et où, disais-je, si l'esclavage sévit dans le sud, la liberté humaine trouve des défenseurs dans le Nord ; où le crime légal, triomphant dans une partie du pays, trouve dans le reste des voix éloquentes, comme celle d'un Channing, pour le flétrir ; où enfin de saints missionnaires — vrais chrétiens, ceux-là — prêchent la modération aux maîtres et la patience aux infortunés esclaves.

La lecture de vos journaux, Madame, m'a fait réfléchir à ces paroles écrites il y à bien des années. Pour l'honneur de l'espèce humaine, me suis-je dit, sinon pour le succès spécial de la sainte cause

de l'émancipation, le silence qui règne en Russie n'est-il pas préférable à ces horribles blasphèmes que se permettent, protégés par le principe de la libre discussion, ces hommes qui font de Dieu même un complice de l'abominable crime de l'esclavage ?

Mais non, la liberté de la discussion ne saurait nuire à aucune cause juste et sainte. Je croirais même volontiers que les stupides extravagances des défenseurs *quand même* de l'esclavage ne sauraient aboutir qu' à porter un coup de plus, et des plus formidables, à la cause qu'ils défendent. Et, en effet, quelle doit être une cause défendue par de tels argumens ? Tous ceux qui possèdent encore dans le cœur une étincelle du sentiment, de l'instinct du bien, du juste, ne peuvent qu'être révoltés de pareilles argumentations, et doivent nécessairement finir par condamner et les plaideurs et la cause qu'ils plaident.

Ce n'est pas surtout dans ce moment que l'on pourrait douter des bienfaits de la libre discussion,

quand nous avons vu paraître ce chef-d'œuvre d'art, d'esprit, de sentiment et d'éloquence, qui vient d'honorer votre pays et votre sexe, Madame ; cet admirable volume : *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, que j'ai lu en versant des larmes qui n'étaient pas toutes de douleur et de tristesse.

Juste ciel ! Pourquoi faut-il donc que le même pays qui produit des femmes telles que l'auteur de ce livre immortel, des hommes tels que Channing et tant d'autres, porte en même temps dans son sein de ces fouëtteurs d'hommes et de femmes, qui insultent tout ce qu'il y a de plus sacré dans l'homme ; de ces ministres soi-disant protestans, qui abritent les plus grandes infamies sous leur science théologique, aussi fausse qu'elle est hypocrite.

Ah ! C'est que peut-être le peuple Américain aurait trop de justes motifs de s'énorgueillir si, à côté de son admirable organisation politique, qui surpasse tout ce que les hommes ont pu voir et même rêver depuis la création du monde, il n'y

avait pas une ombre — ombre bien noire, hélas ! — qui doit nécessairement modérer et même humilier son orgueil ; si dans la splendeur de ce soleil radieux il n'y avait pas une tache qui l'obscurit.

Raison de plus, aux hommes et aux femmes de cœur, de persévérer dans leurs efforts héroïquement honnêtes, pour ôter cette ombre, pour oblitérer cette tache néfaste. Ce n'est pas en vain que les triomphateurs de l'antiquité étaient suivis, dans leur triomphe, par des insulteurs publics ; c'était un avertissement que la gloire, pour être grande, doit être pure, que l'ivresse de la félicité ne doit pas faire oublier à l'homme heureux ses devoirs les plus rigoureux, ses obligations les plus sacrées. Que le peuple de l'Amérique se souvienne aussi, dans sa gloire, dans sa prospérité sans exemple, qu'il y a des devoirs et des obligations pour les peuples comme pour les individus. Qu'il cesse de déshonorer cette gloire et cette prospérité par cet odieux et infâme esclavage ; qu'il jette loin de lui le fouët dont est armée la main de quelques

uns de ses enfans, et que cette main se tende pour relever leurs frères désormais libres, et pour les étreindre dans un embrassement chrétien. L'acte qui affranchira les quelques millions de nègres sera salué avec bonheur par des dizaines de millions de blancs qui souffrent dans d'autres pays à esclaves, et qui verront dans cette glorieuse émancipation le prélude de leur propre délivrance. Et à tout cela se joindront les bénédictions silencieuses de tous ceux qui, sur la surface de la terre, ont un sentiment au cœur et une pensée dans la tête.

Vous serez peut-être surpris, Madame, comme tant d'autres, de me voir appliquer indistinctement le mot esclavage à la Russie et aux Etats du sud de l'Amérique. La vérité est que, malgré toute la différence qui existe de fait entre le serf russe et l'esclave noir de l'Amérique, tous les deux sont *hors la loi* du pays. J'ai dit et prouvé autrefois que le serf russe est moins protégé par la loi russe que les animaux ne le sont en Angleterre par la loi de M. Martin. Et je trouve, dans un

voyage récemment publié en Angleterre, que l'auteur en racontant un exemple de révoltante cruauté exercé sur un esclave par son maître, fait l'observation suivante : "It is only a particular instance of cruelty which might, I have no doubt, be multiplied a dozen times, and which must continually take place when there is no law (not even a Martin's act) to protect the negro from the passion and spite of his owner." \*

Il reste donc complètement inutile et superflu d'entrer dans des discussions sans fin sur la différence de position de l'esclave russe et de celui de l'Amérique ; la cruelle parenthèse de l'auteur que je viens de citer : "*Not even a Martin's act*," s'applique à tous les deux, et tout-à-fait au même degré. La similitude est donc assez prouvée. Le noble russe et le propriétaire des Etats du sud peuvent se donner cordialement la main, en tenant, l'un son fouët, l'autre le Knout.

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\* Rambles and Scrambles in North and South America. By Edward Sullivan, Jr. Examiner, Oct. 23, 1852.

*Not even a Martin's act !* Je voudrais voir ces mots gravés sur le bureau de l'Empereur de Russie, l'unique législateur de son empire.

J'ajouterai, Madame, pour votre édification en ce qui concerne la Russie dans cette question, qu'en lisant *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, j'ai été plus d'une fois tristement saisi par l'applicabilité des récits de M<sup>me</sup> Stowe à ce que j'ai connu d'horreurs pareilles, non seulement par des récits, mais par des procès authentiques qui ont passé par mes mains au Conseil de l'Empire. Plusieurs des scènes décrites dans ce livre semblent la peinture exacte d'événemens tout aussi affreux arrivés en Russie. Il n'y a pas jusques dans les traits comiques de ce roman, qui n'en est pas un, où je n'aie reconnu des traits pareils que l'on rencontre dans les comédies russes. Cette dame délicate (la femme du niais St. Clair) qui regrette que la faiblesse de sa santé l'empêche d'infliger, comme elle le voudrait, des coups de nerf de bœuf à ses esclaves, m'a rappelé cette autre dame d'une com-

édie russe, qui gourmande sa femme de chambre pour la douleur qu'elle a ressentie en lui administrant sur la figure une correction manuelle. L'homme est le même partout ; ôtez lui le frein de la loi, il devient pire que la bête féroce.

L'intérêt sérieux, patriotique et chrétien, que vous prenez, Madame, à la destinée des pauvres esclaves, m'est un sûr garant que vous voudrez bien prendre en bonne part ce que j'ai été porté à vous dire après la lecture des différens écrits dont j'ai fait mention plus haut. Un quart de siècle s'est écoulé depuis que j'ai été proscrit de mon pays, proscrit précisément parce que j'avais consacré ma vie à combattre l'esclavage. Le temps et l'éloignement n'ont altéré ou amoindri ni mon horreur pour cette infâme institution, ni mon désir de la voir disparaître, ni surtout mon affection profonde, mon amour de cœur pour ces pauvres esclaves, que je considérais et que je considère encore comme mes frères. Vous comprendrez qu'attaché ainsi aux esclaves de mon pays, je ne

puis rester indifférent au sort des autres esclaves, dans quelque pays qu'ils souffrent, pas plus qu'aux efforts nobles et désintéressés de ceux et de celles qui se dévouent chrétiennement à faire cesser ces souffrances. L'amour des esclaves est inséparable, dans mon cœur, de la reconnaissance, du respect et de l'admiration pour leurs amis, leurs avocats, leurs protecteurs. Ce sont ces sentimens dont je vous prie, Madame, de vouloir bien agréer ici la sincère expression.

N. TOURGUENEFF.

Paris, 30 Octobre, 1852.

## "A more excellent Way."

BY SAMUEL MAY, JR.

WE have just witnessed another Presidential election, and the result is known. Franklin Pierce, the candidate of the Democratic party, has received the votes of twenty-seven States, — all but four; which four have given their votes to Winfield Scott, the candidate of the Whig party. Neither of these men were supposed to have any qualification for the office, beyond the fact that both had been generals of the army in the Slaveholders' war upon Mexico.

Into this presidential contest our brethren of the Free Soil party — earnest Anti-Slavery men for the most part — entered, not only with as much

zeal and activity as the other parties, but with far more. They knew that they alone had a good cause. They knew that both the other parties had pledged and bound themselves to maintain and enforce the Fugitive Slave Law, and the other compromises which had been entered into with the Slaveholders; compromises which gave Freedom nothing, and Slavery everything.

In the presidential election of 1848, the Free Soil party, with Martin Van Buren for its nominee, polled about three hundred thousand votes. A section of the Democratic party, dissatisfied with the nomination of Lewis Cass, contributed largely to that result. We had it mathematically and morally demonstrated to us that, in 1852, the vote of the Free Soil Party would be tripled or quadrupled; and, in 1856, would be so large and formidable as probably to control and decide the election of that year. The elections of 1852 are over, and the Free Soil strength, instead of being largely augmented, is now less than a half of what

it was when the prediction was made. The highest estimate of the Free Soil vote of the present year, which we have seen, does not make it higher than one hundred and forty thousand.

This is certainly the more remarkable, as it might reasonably have been expected that the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law, two years since, and the prosecutions and trials, the slave-hunts and kidnappings, with other barbarities and villainies which followed in its train, would have stimulated and goaded Northern voters to make an overwhelming demonstration against it. The odiousness of that law is beyond controversy; in the face of their own ease and present interests, individuals, and towns, and whole communities, have set themselves against it, defeated its operation, and defied the men who would enforce it. The people of the Northern States—leaving out of view the office-seekers, the corrupt party-hacks, and the sleek preachers of a religion which has no higher idea than worldly ease and profit—hate

the Fugitive Slave Law, and most cordially despise it as the concentration of all meanness and cruelty. Who could have supposed that the voting portion of these same Northern people would have cast nearly or quite two millions of votes in favor of men who had pledged themselves beforehand to make this detestable Law the FINAL and IRREPEALABLE Law of the Land! The Whig and Democratic parties did this very thing; vieing with each other in servility to Slaveholding dictation; and their candidates have together received nearly or quite two millions of votes in the so-called Free States, while the candidates of the Free Soil or Free Democratic party, as they would now be called, have received less than one hundred and fifty thousand.

If ever a distinct Anti-Slavery political party could exist in this country with good reason, could demonstrate with overwhelming proof a necessity for its existence, and could confidently count on the support of every honest voter, it was in the

year of our Lord 1852. Its cause was excellent ; its opponents had gone to the last extremes of pro-slavery subserviency and profligacy ; its own leaders and orators were numerous, and among the ablest in the land. They courted discussion with their Whig and Democratic opponents, who dared not risk the encounter. No political party in the country can show men of integrity and ability to compare with Joshua R. Giddings, Horace Mann, John P. Hale, Charles Sumner, Gerrit Smith, John G. Palfrey, Salmon P. Chase, and many others. And yet, instead of increasing in geometrical ratio, as they predicted, they have dwindled from three hundred thousand to less than one hundred and fifty thousand votes. With every condition of growth, with every element of success in their favor, they have — in a political point of view — met with a most signal and complete overthrow.

Many causes have been assigned, and explanations given, for this decline ; some of which are

probable enough. Into these it is not now necessary to inquire. It is with the *fact* that we have to do, and with its moral bearings and inevitable lessons.

And with respect to this *fact* — extraordinary in many points of view as it is — we do not believe that it is attributable to any remissness on the part of our Free Soil brethren, or to any want of merit in their cause. Their cause, everyone knows, was good; and their labors, *for at least six weeks before election*, were unremitting. Their defeat is not ascribable to them, but is, we believe, an inevitable consequence of their position, the result of laws more powerful than any men.

And, in saying this, we do not mean to allude to the false and inconsistent position of the Free Democratic party, as sworn supporters of a Constitution, *whose foundations rest on the right of property in Man*, and of a Union *which is cemented together by the blood of three millions of slaves*. For we know that, with subtle (and to us sophis-

tical) reasoning, many of them have persuaded themselves that they are not bound, by their oath to the Constitution, to any pro-slavery measure. We refer rather to an inherent impossibility of carrying any great moral issue to a triumphant result by means of an organized party and its machinery. We believe that every party no matter how good its cause, which makes an experiment of this kind, will find itself defeated. We think the Free Democratic party has committed the great error of relying upon human arrangements and party machinery to accomplish what can be accomplished only by the most implicit reliance upon the *moral* strength of their cause, and by a concurrent, steady, and never-ceasing course of action.

The Free Soil party has sought, and labored for *numbers*; for in such a contest as theirs, numbers are essential to success. Therefore they desired *numbers* as the greatest good, and they worked to gain them with all the weapons which the times put so abundantly into their hands. We

are sorry to add, moreover, that they resorted to very questionable means, — means which many of their most sagacious and upright men disapproved, — to obtain these numbers. For the sake of the desired party success, in some States they allied themselves with the known enemies of their own highest principles. They refused to believe that “Satan cannot cast out Satan,” — thought they had grown wiser and had discovered a way to make Satan out-general himself. It was strange infatuation to suppose that a pro-slavery man, or the adhering members of a pro-slavery party, will work for the destruction of their own party interests and schemes! However, the Free Soil party went into such an alliance, and after a time they find that it was themselves who have been out-generaled; and they retire from the connection, neither with reputation so fair, nor hands so clean, as they went into it. So in regard to 1848. They have since discovered that their three hundred thousand votes were not honest,

right-principled, Anti-Slavery votes ; but given, more than half of them, by Democrats who wished to avenge the party slight and treachery practised upon a favorite political leader, and to defeat the ends of his rival. This object accomplished, that entire body of Democrats walked straight back into the ranks of their old party, and with new-born zeal became the loudest and busiest in the service of those men who had publicly declared their determination to resist all Anti-Slavery agitation, and to make the Fugitive Slave Law a "finality," — more sacred and unchangeable than the Constitution itself, or any of the safeguards of popular liberty. Alas ! for those who allow themselves to become blind followers in the ranks of a political party. Conscience, humanity, moral independence, and freedom of action are trampled under foot.

In this struggle, and inevitable compromise of principle, to obtain numbers, there is involved, as we view it, a *practical distrust of God*, and of the omnipotent power of His truth, in its direct

action upon the individual mind and heart of man. There is a forgetting of the great truth that the weapons of the moral contest are not "carnal," not those in which the pride of man delights, and yet are the only ones which can prevail, the only ones which are "mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds." The faithful proclamation and preaching of the truth, as the one great and all-sufficient instrument of Anti-Slavery victory, is deemed as "foolish" now, as the preaching of the cross was deemed in apostolic days. Men doubt this moral power — disown it — want to see, they say, practical and definite results; want to elect a Governor now and then, or do some like thing; they want to have large numbers, and make use of many doubtful expedients to gain them, and do not gain them after all. Even by such palpable failures, they grow no wiser; but are as ready again to expend time, strength, and money, and to exhaust themselves and their

means, on this same struggle for numbers, as ever before.

There is "a more excellent way." It is not by numbers, not by majorities, that the Anti-Slavery cause is to be wrought out. In this controversy it has been declared thousands of times, but it needs to be repeated thousands of times more, that it is not by physical power, not by an array of numbers, not by caucusing and ballot-boxes, that Right is to prevail over Wrong. It was not by numbers, but against numbers, and in defiance of the might and wealth of a world, that Christianity planted itself, by its own inherent force, deep in the consciences and souls of men, and became a living, ineradicable power. It was not by numbers, but in spite of numbers, that the Protestant Reformation was established. So we believe it can be shown of every cause of a moral nature. But put Christianity to the *rôte*, in any nation of the world to-day, and, if voting could do it, it would be extirpated. We do not mean that

Popery would be voted down in Spain or in Ireland, nor the Anglican Church in England, (though it might be,) nor that that American Church, (composed of almost innumerable sects,) which has been demonstrated to be the Chief Bulwark of American Slavery, would be voted out of existence. But, let any clear, unquestionable principle of the Religion of Christ, as exemplified in his own words and life, be put to vote, in America or Europe, and it would meet the fate which the doctrine of the Higher Law has met in this country the past two years, — Herod and Pilate being made friends to crucify it. It is well for the world that God cannot be *voted* off His throne, nor His Laws *voted* out of existence.

We do not deny or doubt the value of numbers. We wish the entire land were converted to Anti-Slavery, to Christianity, and to God. It is far enough from all three now. But desirable as numbers are, they are never to be made an *end*. They must come as the result of a personal con-

viction of the righteousness and paramount importance of the cause. No anxiety must be felt about them ; not one finger lifted to procure them, for their own sake. But the truth — and the whole truth — must be spoken, in the love of it, and in a most entire absence of that spirit which would qualify or dilute it one particle, to please the most powerful party, to accommodate the most influential sect, or to win the support of the most gifted individual. God will take care of the question of numbers, — and will not fail to *give the increase*, if the planting and the watering are diligently done. We will not undertake to compute the results which might have been secured by our Free Soil brethren, had they labored steadfastly and unceasingly in the *moral* field as they have, with occasional intensity, in the *political*. But when we see what one feeble woman can accomplish — feeble in physical strength, and in worldly resources, but strong in the simplicity and majesty of truth, with an utterance kindled by the very

inspiration of God's own spirit, — when we see her swaying the thoughts of men, and moving the hearts alike of Whig, and Democrat, and Free Soiler, and causing them to loathe the hypocrisy, cruelty, and crime of the Nation, we recognise what worth there is in the faithful preaching of Anti-Slavery Truth, and Righteousness; and we are sure that, if our Free Soil men would enter this same field with zeal and with perseverance, a mighty and indestructible power would be rapidly generated, which would wield both parties, and all the sects, for the overthrow of that foulest enormity — American Slavery.

The Anti-Slavery men of this country must cease to rely upon human devices and deep-laid schemes. They may as well surrender, first as last, the expectation of triumphing over the Slave Power of this land by means of a distinct political party. If they would have a living majority in the Nation against Slavery, let them betake themselves to a holy crusade against it, and suffer no

long pauses to elapse between their assaults. Let them trust solely to the *moral power* inherent in their cause. They may be assured they can go no further and no faster than that moral power pervades and controls the conscience of the Nation. Let them not seek to gather up that conscience into any one party. It cannot be done. The effort to do it will involve an absolute throwing away, and an entire loss of power over, all that conscience which refuses to array itself in their separate party ranks. Ten thousand reasons exist to keep men from deserting old connections and alliances, to form new ones. These reasons may seem very unsatisfactory to us, and may be very poor ; but they prevail still. To the conscience of the whole people, to the sense of Right and Justice in every man's bosom, we must make our appeal. In doing that, we rely no longer upon man's strength and wisdom ; but our reliance is upon the Arm and the Omnipotence of God. We approach our fellow men, too, under circumstances the most

favorable to a candid hearing and construction. We expose ourselves to no suspicion of selfish motives in building up a political party for our own aggrandizement and glory. We hold up God's law alone — what every man, in his individual soul, *knows to be God's law, and his own duty*; and we do, as it were, erect a tribunal in every man's soul, before which shall be brought every measure and every nomination, which his party or his sect may call upon him to support; and the more clear and unbiased we can keep that moral tribunal, and the more completely we can free it from the untoward and malign influences of party ambition and sectarian zeal, the more sure may we be of the correctness of its decisions and the weight of its influence, in whatever affects the great cause of Human Liberty. But we shall not awaken every soul; we shall find indeed the amount of living conscience small, if we still judge by numbers. But, judging as God judges, and acting as He commands, we shall find that

truth and right are mighty, though in but a single human heart. We shall learn how it is that "one can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." Without this faith, Anti-Slavery men can do little : with it, all things. Party organization, drill, and machinery are worthless. God's truth is to be their shield, their helmet, their whole armor. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Leicester, Mass., November, 1852.

The Voice of Freedom.

BY R. C. WATERSTON.

I.

THE spirit of the Pilgrims

Is spreading o'er the earth,

And millions now point to the land

Where Freedom had her birth : —

Hark ! — hear ye not the earnest cry

That peals o'er every wave ?

God above,

In thy love,

O liberate the Slave !

## II.

Ye heard of trampled Poland,  
And of her sons in chains,  
And noble thoughts flashed through your minds,  
And fire flowed through your veins !  
Then wherefore hear ye not the cry,  
That breaks o'er land and sea ?  
On each plain,  
Rend each chain,  
And set the captive free !

## III.

O think ye that our Fathers,  
(That noble Patriot band,)  
Could now look down with kindling joy,  
And smile upon the land ?  
Or would a trumpet-tone go forth,  
And ring from shore to shore,  
All who stand,  
In this land,  
Shall be free forever more !

## IV.

Great God, inspire thy children,  
And make thy creatures just,  
That every galling chain may fall,  
And crumble into dust !  
That not one soul, throughout the land  
Our Fathers died to save,  
May again  
By fellow-men  
Be branded as a Slave !

## The Sculptor of the Corrid Zone.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

I WAS so much struck, at the exhibition of 1851, with the beauty and grace of a statuette of bronze in the French department, that I prevailed on many persons to visit it for the sake of witnessing their surprise and admiration.

It was a woman carrying water ; her beautiful arm drawn downward, and displayed at its full length by the weight of the vase, and her dress and attitude chosen so as to show to the best advantage the fine African features, where nothing was exaggerated or extenuated. The sculptor had denied her no advantage of drapery or position, which a European subject might claim ; and the

result was such that a single glance could not fail to break the associations of ugliness and repulsiveness which Slavery has connected with the name of Africa. I promised myself the pleasure of studying the works of this artist after my return to Paris. Month after month passed away, but I was unable to procure any information about him, except that his name was Cumberworth, a Frenchman of English extraction, and son of one of the preceptors of the princes of the house of Orleans.

France is not in any eminent degree a commercial country. One proof of this is the difficulty with which one can wring the name of a workman from his employer, or the address of an artist from a wholesale dealer in the productions of art.

I at length bethought me of a means which, here, proved as effectual to promote my object as it would have done in the United States to defeat it. I told a dealer in bronzes, in whose window the statuette was displayed, that I was an American Abolitionist, and wished, for the

sake of my colored countrymen, to see Monsieur Cumberworth, that I might suggest to him the idea of sending some of his beautiful works to the Northern States ; where the majority of the inhabitants so seldom see a negro, out of whom they have not trampled the beauty and the grace of life, that they forget how differently the very same being would appear to them under different circumstances. It has been well said, that there is *one* circumstance, the effect of which we can remark upon nobody : the circumstance of our own absence. As long, therefore, as we are selfish tyrants, we can see nothing upon the face of the negro but ugliness and debasement. It is the shadow of ourselves. But this metal had been shaped in a different mould. It afforded the nearest possible approach to a miraculous sight of the race we vilify, behind our own backs : and my interlocutor's narrow notions of commercial policy yielded immediately to his feelings of humanity.

“ You will find Monsieur Cumberworth,” he

said, "at No. 2, Passage *Cendrier*;" — this at least I thought, from the pronunciation, must be the orthography : but no such passage could I find, and had begun to despair of my object, when, searching in the neighborhood of the Rue Basse du Rempart, I saw, above my head, IMPASSE SANDRIE, as I had seen it a dozen times before. *Now*, for the first time, it struck my prejudiced mind, — prejudiced by a notion of cinder-sifting that had got into it, that *Sandrié* was as likely to meet my wishes as his more comprehensible brother, the ashes dealer. And so it proved, — here were Cumberworth's lodgings at last. And now I half regretted that I had found him ; so ungracious, so almost dishonest did it seem to enjoy the creations and listen to the conversation of genius, without doing something to nourish the brilliant flame. I felt, momentarily, glad that he was not at home ; but I left my address, with a request that he would call on me the next day. The next day arrived, but an affair of some urgency unexpectedly

calling me from home, Cumberworth (of course !) came in my absence. Again I felt a sensation of relief, — one by no means unimportant, since I was not prepared to meet him. I had already spent for the Anti-Slavery Bazaar all the money I could spare, and more too ; and the price of one only of these charming statuettes would be three hundred francs. Besides, it would not be a good pecuniary investment. So far from it, that I could hardly hope it would be purchased at all. Much as this man's works had interested me, I felt, on the whole, glad that the interview might be postponed to a more convenient season.

A short time afterwards, my eye was drawn by his name to the following paragraph in the newspaper : —

“ We regret to announce to our readers, the death of Monsieur Charles Cumberworth, perhaps the most distinguished of all the pupils of Pradier, whom he follows so speedily to the tomb. His mind was eminently original, and having chosen a

field of art which gave him the opportunity to be as original in execution as in design, he was most successful in its cultivation. He had passed three years within the tropics, in studying the races and the plants that those regions include; and his Negro Woman at the fountain, his Indian Mother and her Infant, with a multitude of similar subjects, attest with what admirable results. He died a few days since, at Versailles, of consumption, aged 45."

Now, when I see these admirable works, as I do constantly, in every fine collection of bronzes in Paris, it is with a continually recurring regret that, having one moment disobeyed, in thought only, the watchword "immediately," I can never on earth see and know Cumberworth, nor thank him for what his genius has done to reinstate a race, by sanctifying art to the service of humanity.

Paris, October, 1852.

## La Religion de l'Abolition.

PAR M. ERNEST LEGOUVE.

La sainteté d'une cause peut se mesurer à la grandeur des héroïsmes qu'elle inspire. Voulez vous une preuve irréfutable de la divinité du Christianisme ? comptez ses martyrs. De jeunes filles descendant sans palir dans le cirque, les plus grandes dames Romaines se dépouillant de leurs biens en faveur des pauvres et se faisant garde malades, ou fondatrices d'hopitaux, des soldats se laissant égorger sans se défendre plutôt que de violer la loi nouvelle, voilà des arguments plus décisifs que les épîtres de St. Paul ou les traités de St. Augustin. Ce qui donne à l'âme une pureté divine ne peut venir que de Dieu.

Il en est de l'indépendance comme de la religion.

On a beaucoup écrit, O Américains, pour et contre la légitimité de votre guerre d'émancipation. Une chose démontre mieux votre droit que tous les écrits, ce sont vos vertus dans cette lutte. Qui pourrait lire tous vos actes de courage, de patience, d'abnégation, de bon-sens, d'héroïsme, sans se dire : ces hommes-là avaient la justice pour eux ; là où est la vertu, là est le droit.

Eh bien, mettez vous à ce point de vue pour juger la question d'abolition, de quel côté est la modération, de quel côté est la fureur ? de quel côté est le désintéressement et de quel côté l'egoïsme ! De quel côté le courage héroïque et de quel côté la barbarie lâche ? Vous, vous ! le peuple le plus sensé, le plus juste, le plus ami de la liberté, vous devenez des qu'il s'agit de cette terrible question, vous devenez oppresseurs, iniques, insensés.

Comment une telle ruine de vos plus solides

vertus ne vous effraie-t-elle pas ? d'autant plus, remarquez le bien, que vos adversaires semblent s'enrichir de tout ce que vous perdez ; la grandeur d'âme que vous montriez jadis contre les Anglais, vos oppresseurs, ce sont les abolitionnistes qui la montrent aujourd'hui contre vous, possesseurs d'esclaves ! Ce n'est pas là une vaine phrase, ce sont des faits, des faits qui frappent chaque jour trop cruellement vos yeux pour que vous puissiez les nier. “ Que de missionnaires riches et pauvres, obscurs et illustres, consacrent, à cet apostolat leurs forces, leur fortune ; leur santé, leur vie ! Vous entassez contre eux lois sur lois, n'importe ! Ils marchent toujours. Les noyades, le supplice par le feu, des tortures inconnus aux sauvages eux-mêmes, vous armez tout contre les saints apôtres, n'importe ! leur nombre augmente sans cesse !

Ce n'est pas tout ! Etendez votre pensée au delà de votre continent, en Europe, et voyez que de dévouemens inspire la religion de l'abolition, car ce n'est pas une cause, c'est une religion !

Il y a un homme en France qui a eu la gloire de faire proclamer et de proclamer lui-même comme sous secrétaire d'état, l'abolition de l'esclavage dans nos possessions coloniales ; cet homme c'est M. Schœlcher. Eh bien, ce droit, il l'avait acheté, conquis par vingt ans de travaux, de sacrifices, de dangers, . . . . . plus que cela, par les souffrances les plus amères que puisse subir un homme de cœur, celle de se voir calomnié jusque dans ses sentiments de fils ! L'idée de l'abolition est une idée si purifiante qu'elle éteint dans les cœurs où elle pénètre, jusqu'aux haines les plus implacables, les haines politiques ! Oui, dans notre pays de France, où la haine de partis devient si vite une haine de personnes, si un Montagnard et un réactionnaire apprennent qu'ils sont tous deux abolitionnistes, ils ne se mépriseront plus, ils ne se détestent plus, ils se sentiront frères. Croyez le bien, Américains, une cause qui produit de tels prodiges, est une cause sainte.

Paris, Juillet, 1851.

## Daniel Webster.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

+ DANIEL WEBSTER is dead. If the Fugitive Slave Law could have died with him, he would indeed have slept in blessings. But the evil that men do lives after them ; when it does not, we will speak nothing but praise of the dead.

We have nothing to do with him here as a jurist or an orator ; nothing with his private character. Were we to pause a moment at that saddest of all sights, his death bed, it would be only to remark the pitiful flattery with which it has been described and dwelt on, in a tone which reveals the emptiness of our spiritual life. One would think our Priests

awe-struck, or beside themselves with gratitude, that the Great Man condescended to die a Christian !

The two Whig Chiefs have gone, and we find we have had Oberlins and Fenelons grinding in the mill of the Cabinet and the Senate House, and never knew it ! Strange that he, one of the great trio, whose public and private life would best bear the closest scrutiny, with the added merit of actual Slaveholding beside, has alone escaped Canonization ! Compared with such Protestantism, there was dignity, self-respect, and a true emblem in the Pope with an Emperor holding his stirrup.

Perhaps it does not concern us here whether he was a great man. The slightest analysis, however, of most that has been said of him, even by those who begin by emphatically pronouncing him great, will show how utterly unworthy he was of the epithet. It is acknowledged by most that his life was, as a whole, a failure — that he failed to impress any great or original idea upon his times : that he not only failed to carry any great measure, but never

conceived or originated one : that he so far mistook either himself or his times, that of most national questions he has stood, at different periods, on both sides, and that his last opinion was always the erroneous and the losing one. He talked against Slavery constantly up to 1850, but never exerted a tittle of Anti-Slavery influence, or stirred one heart against the system. Giving the lie, in that disastrous year, to all his empty rhetoric, this great light in falling drew not after it one of heaven's host. If the elephant turned from the van, he neither carried any away with him, nor crushed any in his retreat. Kidnappers at heart, who would have been silent, though not converted, had he spoken for Liberty, may have given him thanks when he descended to lead their ranks. They were the men whom his Anti-Slavery rhetoric of thirty years had neither convinced of his sincerity nor of his ideas. Had he spoken then for Liberty, he might, probably, have prevented the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law, and turned back the

tide of Southern aggression : not, however, by any greatness or influence of his own. It would have been because other men — Adams, Giddings, and their followers, on whom the MASTER STATESMAN of the Anti-Slavery Movement, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, had impressed his great idea, — because these men had elaborated for him a policy, prepared for him a public, created for him a North, built for him and showed him a way, and asked of him only the easy virtue of walking on it.

The two years that followed this change are allowed, on all hands, to have been the most laborious, active, and able of his whole career. Tried by the tone of the public press, or by any other test, his influence was as great as ever ; and this so called great man talked every day and everywhere, wrote to everybody, and on all occasions ; his vigor of thought, his energy were marvellous ; instead of seventy years, it seemed the " May of youth and bloom of lustihood." Yet what did he effect ? Horace Mann, whose hum-

blest friends Mr. Webster stooped to persecute with the pettiest malignity, was reëlected by increased majorities. A Free Soil Senator succeeded to his own chair : Massachusetts recoiled from the party that had owned her for fifty years : Syracuse laughed him to special scorn : no single vote, south of Mason and Dixon's line, could be begged to do him even the empty honor of a nomination : while, for political adherents, he fell into hands which have linked his name only with ridicule.

What is greatness in statesmanship ? It is, in one form, by instinctive sympathy or preëminent ability, to understand and guide your own times : in another form, it is to outrun your own age, and mould the future. Had Webster either of these ? Did *he* understand or guide his own age, who was always only first among the laggards ? whose friends boast for him, as proof of " practical statesmanship," that he so often sacrificed his convictions to popular opinion ? and yet who, strangely awkward, always contrived to make the sacrifice

just when the people were coming round to his own opinion?

Did he foresee or mould the future, who was never John the Baptist, but always Caiaphas, with timid counsel that this man — ever some bearer of a new gospel — should die, lest the whole nation perish? who dropped from the revised edition of his works his best Anti-Slavery speeches, at the very moment when looming on the horizon was that great movement against Slavery, so momentous that before it all American History since the Revolution is destined to pale and fade away?

To be a great American, one must have a glad, sublime, and fearless faith in the people, in the safety of trusting them with their own Government and Institutions. None of Mr. Webster's speeches are hopeful, but of late years he seems to have had no faith at all.

He was, without doubt, a great Jurist. But how much of his constitutional lore he owed to Story, we shall never know till his friends are

more just than he, and allow the Judge's letters to him to be published. He was certainly an eloquent and able advocate: too much so, even in the Senate, where it marred whatever claim he had to the character of a statesman.

If he were not an orator, our age has not produced one: though it would be difficult to name the burning phrase or proverbial sentence which, like Chatham and Mirabeau, he has lent to literature, or given to the people as household words.

In simple intellect, no American has ever equalled him. But that massive brain contented itself with saying common things uncommonly well. It never went sounding on and on, to pilot the people into broader and deeper life. The great heart was fretting about broken toys, while the nation girded itself for great duties, and found its way onward alone. But mind does not govern, it is oftener will. It is not intellect that makes heroes, but character. This man made great speeches; and there is an unconscious confession

of the real truth in the very form of expression so many of his eulogists adopt. He will be read, it has been said a hundred times, as long as the English language endures. Perhaps so. He may live in print. Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Garrison, will live as long as the American nation is remembered, print or no print.


God gave us three able men in this age. CALHOUN, the pure, manly, uncompromising advocate of Slavery ; the Hector of a Troy fated to fall. CLAY, the secret, facile, and therefore more dangerous ally of Calhoun ; the graceful Belial of politics, who

Counselled ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,  
Not peace :

In the third, the ablest intellect of all, we looked to find the King of Men, one who should be the Voice of the Spirit of the Age. In place of this, lo ! a mocking bird ! His song, at one time, the Constitutional system of Marshall ; at another, the

tariff policy of Clay ; and he was a double thief from Calhoun — first of the Free Trade principle, which he abandoned just when all else saw it about to triumph, and second, of the Slave policy, for which he died. The great statesman sinks to be the mere Swiss of politics, without even the usual shrewdness of his race at a bargain.

We argue greatness from a man's aims. This man aimed to be President ; and died, as his most intimate friends say, broken-hearted because he failed. Had he followed his instincts and led the van of American ideas, he had been tenfold more than President. Was it great to miss seeing this ? Was it great to sacrifice one's whole past, one's deepest convictions, to lust of office ? Did it show an able statesman to do all this in vain ? Great men never die broken-hearted. That disease killed Wolsey, not Milton or Columbus.



Still, in justice to Mr. Webster, it should be said that no single mind, however able, can exert as much influence in this country as it has been

the custom to ascribe to such in other lands. Ideas rule a thinking people like ours, and it is only by incarnating some great popular idea that any intellect, or even any will, can govern America. Baptised into the spirit of the age, which no single mind can greatly influence here, much less control, a great man may become the people's idol : his self-forgetful consecration shall give him tenfold manhood, and even tenfold mind ; and from his position he shall gain an influence tentimes greater than manhood or mind could together bestow. After all, the only leadership possible with us is best expressed in the war-cry of La Roche Jacquelin, the Vendean chief : —


Si j'avance, suivez moi ;  
 Si je recule, tuez moi ;  
 Si je tombe, vengez moi.

If I ADVANCE, FOLLOW me. If I RETREAT, be true  
 to your idea, and sacrifice EVEN ME.

How sad the wreck of such a life ! Consum-

mate Jurist ! Your last great essay was to flout at a "Higher Law" ! Most able and eloquent Advocate ! Could you find no other cause to plead than that of our lowest instincts against our highest and holiest sentiments ? Alas ! that your latest and ablest argument was the duty and rightfulness of Slave-catching ! was urged to make men smother their humanity ! Sagacious Statesman ! Fated to die not very old, yet to live long enough to see all the plans of his manhood become obsolete ideas, except just those he had abandoned ! Surely he was a great party leader, who found the Whig party strong, spent life in its service, and died prophesying its annihilation : found it decent, at least in profession ; left it despicable in utter shamelessness : found it the natural and well-disposed ally of free labor and free speech ; stirred it to a contest with its rival in servile bidding for Southern fellowship, and left it despicable for the attempt, and still more despicable and ridiculous for the failure !

No thoughtful man should forget, in any estimate of Mr. Webster, his impudent attempt to smother freedom of discussion. *Impudent* is none too strong a word, when any man, however conspicuous for ability or position, sets himself to fetter free speech. Neither is the gravity of the wrong to be measured by the failure or success of the attempt. Such things grow by precedent. What is impudent and only ridiculous to-day, may become of weight and fearful to-morrow. The Abolitionists are sometimes blamed for their severe judgments of men whose general characters are good. The examples of bad men are of little importance. It is the faults of good men, of popular idols, that are dangerous; and precedents set by such need special protest. What weapons they become in the hands of unscrupulous imitators! Tacitus told us long ago — *Non timemus Vespasianum; ea Principis ætas, ea moderatio. Sed diutius durant exempla, quam mores.* Precedents are longer lived than character. We have a



right, then, to demand even of those who think best of Mr. Webster, that they, with us, record their protest against this his most serious treason to the cause of liberty and progress.

Mr. Webster once pointed to the character of Washington as sufficient proof of the excellence of American institutions. It is this view of his own career that is saddest of all. As Washington in 1776, so Webster in 1850, were each the natural result of the institutions of their day. Our State taught him to barter justice for expediency : taught him that it was allowable to sacrifice one race to the prosperity of another. Our Church taught him to make religion a stalking-horse for ambition. Our party politics tempted him, burdened with great abilities, some character, awkward recollections, and the possibility of future fame, to throw off every high thought, and the cause that did most nobly become him, run a race with men, who, unknown yesterday and to be forgotten tomorrow, could dare any depth of meanness to reach

their ends. The heaviest brain God lent this age sunk beneath the lesson, and he died broken-hearted. Accursed be the institutions of which such is the natural product !

“ His voice of wisdom and power, which was at home among us, has penetrated wherever there was an oppressor to be rebuked, or a victim to be cheered. Everywhere it has brought hope to the struggling and the down-trodden, and confusion to the wrong-doer.”

These words a young man had the hardihood to utter in Faneuil Hall, which echoed so lately to the grounded muskets of men watching, while Sims lay in the chained Court House, lest, moved by such a sight, some should be unable to obey Mr. Webster, and “conquer their prejudices !” These words a young man, reputed to possess the common feelings of humanity, had the heartless effrontery to utter in the presence of men who still trembled for the safety of father and mother, wife and child, because of a public sentiment which

Mr. Webster (unnecessarily, as most are now willing to confess,) had whetted and steeled against them! They could not have been intended as sober irony. That were a cruel and mocking insult, of which Mr. Hillard must be deemed incapable. To suppose he believed them true were to degrade his intelligence to the level of the Hubbard Winslows and Hale Smiths. It is now very generally admitted that Mr. Webster's course on the Fugitive Slave Law was dictated by personal ambition, and shaped by regard to private ends. His predecessor, in the office of Secretary, has declared that the grounds he alleged were mere pretences. But whether this be so or not, if he really acted from noble motives, or at the call of inevitable necessity — still, Mr. Hillard's assertion is false. All even then that Mr. Webster's friends could plead would be, that patriotism and necessity *excused* him for “withholding the poor from their desire, and causing the eyes of the widow to fail; in lifting up his hand against the fatherless when

he saw help in the gate." Mr. Hillard is famed as a rhetorician. An old adage, "not to name halters," &c., should have warned him, when giving a false gloss to ugly facts, to avoid language too suggestive of the truth. *Il y a des louanges qui médisent.*

The curses of the poor have blighted his laurels. He is mourned in ceiled houses and the marts of trade. But the dwellers in Slave huts and fugitives along the highways thank God they have one enemy the less. What a terrible record will History make up against him! The friendless and the hunted cannot help rejoicing at his death! Grant all his merits. Put against them, that the Slave knew him only as an enemy: knew of his logic, only to fear it: of his influence, only to wear chains heavier for its weight, and to pray to God against it. Wherever that terrible face turned, it carried gloom to the Slave's hovel. On how many a hearth, since 1850, has it required the utmost Christian principle not to call down curses on his

head ! He bore all this, and died because he was not nominated ! And this was the “grandest growth of our soil and institutions,” this the noblest heart that our Christian republic can offer to the world for a place beside the Phocions and the Hampdens, the Jays and the Fayettees !

Pericles consoled his death-bed with the thought that he never caused a Greek to wear mourning. Not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world could have medicined our Pericles to that sweet sleep, — he who clung with so much tenacity to birthplace and homestead, and bowed in such agony over a daughter’s death-bed, — had he remembered the many homes one ruthless act of his selfish ambition had made desolate, and the hundreds of children it had made orphans.

Northampton, November 10, 1852.

### Lines

WRITTEN AFTER A WINTER OF SEVERE STORMS.

We shrink before the rushing storm,  
And dread its giant powers,  
And tremble at the fearful form,  
As on our path it lowers.

We start, to hear appalling tales,  
Repeated o'er and o'er,  
Of the disastrous wintry gales,  
Which strew with wrecks our shore.

Yet safe within our quiet homes,  
We catch but a faint breath,  
As o'er the wild, dark wave, there comes,  
The stormy voice of death.

And yet upon this earth, where we  
Live, without want or fear,  
More threatening tempests than the sea  
E'er felt, surround us here.

The storms of passion, loud and deep,  
The dark abyss of woe,  
And the cold icy gales, which sweep  
Where the waves of death do flow,

Cast wrecks upon time's wasting shore,  
For which we well might weep ;  
And voices 'mid that tempest's roar,  
Should wake us out of sleep.

Then swift the life-boat man and send,  
Oh thou, who e'er thou art  
Called by one trusting voice, a friend, —  
Thou hast a human heart, —

Fling out a cable to the lost,  
The sinking ones around,

And if amid the tempest tossed,  
But one, one, saved be found ;

That ransomed soul, shall bear to thee,  
A crown of life and light,  
In that great day when all shall be  
Judged by their deeds aright.

Boston, February, 1852.

## L'Inconsequence Republicaine.

PAR M. REMUSAT,

Membre de l'Institut.

Si l'Europe connaissait depuis plusieurs siècles l'art d'extraire le sucre des végétaux qu'elle cultive, et si pour la première fois le nouveau monde apprenait aujourd'hui à faire rendre le même produit au roseau précieux qui ne prospère qu'en s'approchant des tropiques, pensez vous que, de la Caroline au Brésil, il vint à l'idée de personne de proposer l'établissement de l'esclavage des Noirs, pour cette raison ou sous ce prétexte que, sans les noirs et sans l'esclavage, la culture de la canne et la fabrication du sucre qu'on en retire sont ruineuses ou impossibles ? Supposez qu'une telle proposition fût faite, comment l'accueillerait

l'opinion de l'Univers ? Quel cri d'étonnement et d'indignation s'élèverait des deux côtés de l'Atlantique ! Et pourtant ce qu'on n'oserait établir on le maintient, on fait ce qu'on n'oserait proposer. L'esclavage subsiste chez des nations civilisées. Il est exploité comme utile, défendu comme nécessaire, consacré comme légitime chez un peuple libre. L'homme est traité comme s'il n'était qu'un corps, par des chrétiens qui croient qu'il a une âme. Il est conduit comme une bête de somme par des républicains qui pensent qu'il a des droits. Il est une chose parmi des citoyens. Combien de tems durera-t-elle encore cette étrange institution de l'esclavage, criant témoignage de l'inconséquence humaine, au milieu des lumières et des passions de notre siècle ? Le moment, ne viendra-t-il pas bientôt où la raison, la justice, et l'humanité feront entendre leur voix d'un grand peuple que l'Europe contemple avec surprise et qu'elle enverra peut-être un jour ? . . . .

Paris, 2 Mai, 1851.

## Fetichism.

BY EDMUND QUINCY.

"Never did Art so well with Nature strive,  
Nor ever idol seem'd so much alive :  
So like a man, so golden to the sight ; —  
So base within, so counterfeit and light."—DRYDEN.

THE genesis of idolatry is a curious study. That men should select such ungainly, clumsy, frightful objects of worship, and invest them with such cruel, bloody, filthy attributes, does seem, at first, passing strange, and as if it must spring from some idiosyncrasy of barbarous nations. When at a Missionary Meeting some uncouth shape, before which the islands of the sea bow down and worship, is displayed by the Apostle on furlough, and the assembled multitude of Saints are told of the fierce

and licentious qualities it embodies, the whole company is moved to astonishment, if not to tears, the strings of their purses are unloosed, and fresh offerings are laid on the altar for the deliverance of Heathendom from such a woe. And yet it may be that, in their own way, these very evangelizing Doctors in Divinity, and Deacons and Church-members, have just been doing what is quite as revolting in the eye of Pure Reason as this Monster-worship, and what would seem as barbarous and inexplicable to those very worshippers they are pleased to call barbarous, should the facts be laid before them. Idols are not, by any means, carved out of wood and stone only. They are, sometimes, incarnated in very substantial flesh and blood.

The Philosophy of all Idolatry is not hard to understand. Men make their gods in their own image, and then adore them for their resemblance to themselves. Their deities must necessarily bear a strong family resemblance to the worshippers, at least in mental and moral characteristics. The

external form they may fashion into such shape as they think terrible or amiable ; but the qualities shadowed forth are those they most prize in themselves. The Olympian Jove, the Phidian Venus, the Praxitelian Apollo, and the host of other deities of the elder world, were all but projections of the inner life of their worshippers. Odin did not drink blood out of the skulls of his enemies in the Valhalla, because he liked it ; but because the Scandinavians did. So with all other false gods. No Iconoclasm can put down idolatry. It is only by the regeneration of the heart and mind, that the fierce and gloomy shadows that brood over the hearts of so many nations can be put to flight. The inner necessity ceasing, the external symbol of it will disappear at the same time. The guilt of Idolatry consists not so much in the mere bowing down to stocks and stones, as in the identifying with those graven images all that is worst in ourselves, and making that our god. The dishonor we do to the True God consists mainly in the deification of

our own vices and bad qualities, and putting them upon His throne.

— So with the Idols of Christendom. That worship is governed by the same laws as any other kind of Fetichism. Only our Fetiches are usually men of like passions with ourselves, and the worship we give them is thus divested of all *prestige* of imagination or antiquity. But a man represents us, and we deify him. Napoleon expressed the France of his day, and he still “rules her from his urn.” Washington incarnated the Idea of Colonial Independence, and he has taken his place among the gods. Wellington gathered up the average of English feelings and ideas, and the great mass of the nation has accepted him as its Exponent. The idol reflects the features of the men that set him up, and they are thus bound to defend his godhead. An assault on their god is an attack upon themselves, and it is not merely piety, but self-defence, to repel it. They must prove his vices to be no vices, but the best of vir-

tues, or he goes to the wall. Even if it be merely a senseless cry of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians" that they can raise to drown inquiry into his pretensions, they must keep it up for more than the space of two hours, or their crafts may be endangered; and not only their crafts, but their own pretence at self-respect—for that grim and ugly image is but their own, a little enlarged and improved. They made him, and they must stand by him or desert themselves.

This nation, very lately, set up a false god, and insists upon his divinity being recognized by all the inhabitants thereof. He had walked among us for more than forty years, but the country did not discover that he was of celestial mould until very lately. His godlike proportions and attributes did not develop themselves and announce the present god until about two years and a half ago. Then he looked upon the American People, and, lo! they saw their strengthened image in his face. He spoke, and they cried aloud, "It is the voice of a

god, and not of a man ! ” — for it was the mere echo of their own sweet voices. To be sure, with one consent they refused to invest him with any gift of power ; but, then, they tried to make amends by a universal chorus of praise. Hymns and hallelujahs resounded on all sides ; and if he could have been content with breath, he had enough of it and to spare. Priests as well as people joined in this liturgy, and, since his death, as well as while he lived, if the voice of flattery could soothe that “dull cold ear,” he would indeed rest in peace. And this was not confined to one part of the country. Grief for his death, embodied in words of hyperbolic adulation, was felt, or feigned, everywhere. Like himself, it knew “no North, no South, no East, no West ! ”

Now, there was a reason for this unanimity. Why did Charleston wring her hands and New Orleans rend her hair, when the news of his death reached them ? They did not use to love him so.

Why did Richmond and Boston weep upon one another's necks? Why did Nullifiers of the South take up the wail of the Cottonocracy at the North, and bear it on over the land? Whence this sudden opening of eyes which could before see no good thing coming forth from the New England Nazareth? The reason is plain enough. The South lived, and the North thrived, upon the sacrifice of every sixth man, woman, and child in the land. They had agreed to do it, they liked it, they called it Liberalism, National Spirit, and Enlightened Patriotism. Daniel Webster embodied this Spirit in his Speech of the Seventh of March. He incarnated the Surrender of the North to the South. There once had been some false pretences of a Northern Spirit, which would sometimes threaten to rouse and resist the outrages of Slavery. But Slavery had been ever predominant, nay, omnipotent, in the affairs of the Nation. Men were tired of a show of virtue when they had it not; and when Mr. Webster, as their fogleman, gave the

signal, they were all ready and eager to obey it, and follow him whithersoever he went. They hoped, poor fools, that he and they would receive the gift of power and place and preëminence, as the reward of this confession of their meanness of spirit. They have had empty praise enough ; but the promotion was reserved for older and better soldiers. Their mouths are filled with ashes, and all they have to do is to prove that it is the fruit of Paradise. In their own defence, they are obliged to maintain his impeccable character and his infallible wisdom, or they themselves must share the disgrace of their dishonored divinity. If he be not divine, why, what are they ? If the idol be pulled down, it must fall on the heads of its worshippers. As they will not forsake it, they must uphold it.

But Time, the Iconoclast, sweeps silently onward, and with the very winnowing of his wings overturns Idol and Idol Temple. His path is strewn with the fragments of names once worshipped, of creeds once adored, of opinions once

idolized, of reputations once omnipotent. Superstition, Despotie Power, more potent Poetry, Popular Acclamation, have all been interposed between the Avenger and their Idols, in vain. What he spares and seals, survives. It is he that is the true Fountain of Honor, — the real Source of Fame. At his command monarchs bow, and give precedence to their subjects. Ferdinand and Isabella are scarcely seen in the august presence of Columbus, and only as his servants and train-bearers. Elizabeth is but the handmaid of Shakspeare's Royalty. Milton sends Charles the Second anew into exile, and eclipses the glory of even Oliver himself. George, of the Name the Third, sneaks out of sight before the sublime shadows of Howard and of Clarkson. So ephemeral are the distinctions made by men, and so eternal those made by Genius and Goodness. They who enlighten and bless mankind take their place

“Among th' enthroned gods on sainted seats;”

while the idols made by Kings or Mobs in their own image, to typify their vices or their crimes, totter and fall by the weight of their own weakness, shaming their worshippers, and are ground into dust by the hastening feet of thick-coming generations.

Dedham, Massachusetts, December 10, 1852.

### To Louis Kossuth.

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

FAR better for thyself, O Magyar Chief !  
And better for thy fallen country's sake,  
Hadst thou remained in exile, and constraint  
Of thine own freedom, on the Turkish shore,  
Or perished in some Austrian dungeon drear, —  
Thy love of liberty sealed with thy blood,  
Thy spirit proof against tyrannic power,  
Thy fame without a blemish and world-wide, —  
Than thine enfranchisement to have obtained,  
Through mediation of a Government,  
A thousand fold more bloody in its sway  
Over three millions of its populace,  
Than Austrian rule o'er subject Hungary ; —

Then to have hastened to this guilty land,  
Traversed its broad domains an honored guest,  
Feasted and toasted and bepraised by those  
Whose traffic is "in slaves and souls of men,"  
Despisers of the image of their God,  
Forgers of fetters, wielders of the lash,  
Whose cruelties make Haynau's venial seem,  
The vilest hypocrites beneath the sun,  
Most hostile to the equal rights of man ; —  
And in return to deal out compliment  
And flattery in such measure as to throw  
All trimming sycophants into the shade,  
And sicken e'en our national vanity, —  
And gaining thereby nothing but contempt !

Thou dost disdain to wear an Austrian yoke —  
This to thy credit, though it is not much ;  
For who, with aught of manhood in him left,  
Aspires not to be master of his limbs ?  
Thy country, crushed and bleeding in the dust,  
Inflames thy sympathies, inspires thy soul

To do and dare for her deliverance,  
All that a mother of her son can claim !  
And nobly hast thou suffered in her cause,  
Unselfishly concerning sordid gain,  
With no ambitious purpose to subserve,  
And with heroic fortitude and pride.  
For this, still greater credit and applause :  
But love of country is not love of man,  
Is not the noblest attribute of mind,  
Is limited in feeling and design,  
Not comprehensive of the human race ;  
As martyr zeal for Pagan Juggernaut  
Is not the worship of the living God,  
Though not without a pious element  
Mixed with a low and dark idolatry.

Thou art a mere Hungarian — nothing more ;  
Intensely selfish for thy native land ;  
A man of impulse, not of steady power —  
Ardent in feeling, chivalric in aim,  
But swayed by worldly policy too oft,

Trusting the end will sanctify the means,  
The good to be achieved atonement make  
For any evil winked at — showing thus,  
Distrust of God and lack of principle : —  
Witness thy truckling course while on these shores.

Thy rhetoric wears an oriental glow,  
And in thy myriad speeches much is found  
To stir the pulse and magnetize the heart :  
But wherefore this great deluge of fine talk ?  
It is to prove that, by the Golden Rule,  
The glorious gospel of the blessed God,  
The law and bond of human brotherhood,  
Ill-fated Hungary may rightly claim  
Our warmest sympathies and active aid,  
At any sacrifice, at every risk,  
Which may not be withheld for any cause.

But who are we, that thou dost thus invoke  
Our intervention, and red-hot rebuke  
Of Austrian usurpation ? Is our soil

Unstained by blood ? upon it treads no Slave,  
Clanking his fetters ? Read thy words, and blush !

“ Happy art thou, O free America !  
Thy house is based on solid liberty !  
Thou hast no tyrants in thee to enslave !  
Thy shores are an asylum to th’ oppressed !  
Thy glorious flag is fluttering o’er my head,  
Ensign of mankind’s heavenly origin !  
Making glad revelation of thy will  
And purpose, henceforth, come what may to thee,  
Not to allow the despots of the earth  
To trample on oppressed humanity,  
Banded as one in sacrilegious league,  
To make their thrones eternal as the hills !  
For I, an exiled Magyar — fugitive  
And wanderer o’er the earth — present no claim  
Upon thy charity, aside from that  
Which the down-trodden in all lands may urge ;  
For God, the Almighty, has selected me  
To be their faithful representative !  
And here I stand humbly to advocate  
The solidarity of human rights !

America ! great, glorious, and free !  
 On bended knee I seek thy generous aid,  
 Not for myself, but for my bleeding land !  
 For all enthralled on European soil !  
 Thou hast the power, O have the will to help,  
 And thus achieve the freedom of the world ! " \*

Such was the language of thy flattering lips,  
 A thousand times repeated in the ear  
 Of this vain-glorious and rapacious land ;  
 Uttered as flippantly on Southern ground †

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\* See Kossuth's speeches in the United States, *passim*.

† " As to the Southern States, I must confess myself entirely sure that they would warmly support my principles, because they are entirely identical with your own principles (!) You cannot abandon me without abandoning your own principles, and without letting be established a precedent dangerous to your own security (!) \* \* \* Some kind friends encouraged me to go to the South, promising me that I would find it open to plain truth, faithful to great republican principles, enlightened in its intelligence, and high-minded, warm and generous in its sentiments (!) \* \* \* One of the brightest moments of my sorrowful life was when I came to Alabama, not long ago. When I asked, who is my inexorable enemy, I was told it was Alabama. O, my God, I thank thee that I have seen this supposed enemy of mine ! I WILL CHERISH THAT NAME IN THE VERY HEART OF MY HEART, WITH INFINITE PLEASURE AND GRATITUDE." — [Kossuth's speech before the Slave-holders and Slave-breeders in Montgomery, Ala.]

" The capitol of old yet stands, a mournful monument of the fragility of human things ; yours as a sanctuary of eternal rights (!)

As Northern, — by the hateful auction-block,  
 Whereon are daily sold God's children dear,  
 In lots to suit the venal purchasers !  
 Ay, in the presence of three million Slaves,  
 Whose chains would fall beneath an Austrian  
     flag ; †  
 Compared with whom, thy countrymen are free,  
 And unto heaven, in point of privilege,

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The old beamed with the red lustre of conquest, now darkened by oppression's gloomy night ; *yours beams with freedom's bright ray (!)* At the view of the old, nations trembled ; at the view of yours, humanity hopes (!) In the old, the terrible *væ victis* was the rule ; in yours, protection to the oppressed, malediction to ambitious oppressors, and consolation to the vanquished in a just cause (!) There sat men, boasting their will to be the sovereigns of the world ; here sit men, whose glory is to acknowledge the laws of Nature and of Nature's God" (!) — [*Speech at the Congressional Banquet at Washington, before the enactors and upholders of the world-abhorred Fugitive Slave Law, the atrocious Slave Code in the District of Columbia, at the central seat of Slavery and the Slave Trade.*]

"I am sure that the sympathy of Baltimore (!) will be such as to respect the cause of Hungary, for the people and the authorities act in perfect harmony together in this FREE country. \* \* \* I am not egotistical for myself, but for the great principles of liberty, which make your country so great, so glorious, and so free, and also the land of protection for the persecuted sons of freedom among the great brotherhood of nations." — [*Speech at Baltimore, Maryland.*]

† "Every man, by right of nature, sanctioned by reason, must be considered a free person. Every Slave becomes free from the moment he touches the Austrian soil, or an Austrian ship." — [*Austrian Decree.*]

Exalted, and no sympathy can crave ;  
Whose groans and cries, commingling with thy  
words,  
All eulogistic of their merciless lords,  
As sterling friends of suffering liberty —  
And of this land as without stain of crime —  
Turned them to mockery, and thee to shame !

Yes, shame upon thee, Kossuth ! — Thine own land  
No longer should regard thee as her chief ;  
For being false to freedom here, alas !  
And pandering to the worst of tyrants' lust,  
Thou hast been false to her ; henceforth, be dumb !  
Some other voice must plead her sacred cause ;  
Some other hand must bear her standard up ;  
Some other leader to the rescue come,  
Of loftier principle and stronger mould,  
Whose brows shall wear the wreath of victory !

Say not — let not thy blind admirers say —  
In vindication of thy tortuous course —

Thou hadst thy one great mission to discharge,  
Requiring all thy time, and strength, and skill ;  
And to have turned aside therefrom, and made  
Black Slavery in America thy theme, —  
The Abolitionists thy chosen friends, —  
Would have been suicidal to thy plans,  
And driven thee from the country in hot haste !  
Thy mission ? 'T is a total failure now,  
And worse could not have been in any case —  
A splendid bubble, filled with rainbow tints,  
Long since evanished, ne'er to re-appear !

Keep to the issue, Kossuth ! It is not  
That from thy mission thou wouldst not be drawn  
By party politics or local strife ;  
That thou didst not, on all occasions, bear  
A manly testimony against Slavery,  
As our great sin and national disgrace ;  
But that on no occasion didst thou breathe  
A syllable against this dreadful crime,  
Nor with its fettered victims sympathize,

Nor dare to mingle with their advocates ;  
And yet could give the hand of fellowship  
To a Slave-holding and Slave-driving crew,  
Equipped with whips, revolvers, bowie-knives,  
To scourge the Slave and massacre his friends !  
A fugitive thyself, thou couldst behold  
The father, mother, husband, wife, and child,  
Escaping from the Southern hell of woe,  
Hunted with bloodhounds, and run down at last,  
And be as dumb as any marble block !

Even if thou wert justified, Kossuth !  
In keeping mute upon our nation's guilt, —  
Having the cause of Hungary to subserve, —  
As falsely argue thy short-sighted friends ;  
Surely, 't is not within the utmost scope  
Of Christian charity, — judge ye, mankind !  
To vindicate thy parasitic praise  
Of " the free ground of free America,"  
When over it the Slave Power rules supreme ; —  
Or thy preposterous compliment of us

“ There is a hope for freedom on the earth,  
Because there is a people like yourselves,  
To feel its worth and to subserve its cause,” —  
When the one “ institution ” of our land,  
Most cherished, guarded, as divinely given,  
Never to be abolished or impaired,  
Is chattel Slavery, unparalleled  
In hate of man and blasphemy of God,  
“ Sum of all villanies,” exceeding far  
All other tyrannies of earth combined ; —  
Or thy endorsement of our fiendish war,  
Waged wantonly, a hellish end in view,  
’Gainst weak and unoffending Mexico,\*  
Whose soil was coveted, because it gave

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\* “ The glorious struggle you had not long ago with Mexico, in which General Scott drove out the President of that republic from his capital.” — [*Kossuth’s Speech at Staten Island.*]

“ I am aware that your war with Mexico was carried on chiefly by volunteers. . . . It is a duty to confess, that those who fought in that war have high claims to an acknowledgment of their brilliant achievements. . . . I know what distinguished part the volunteers of New York took in that war — in the siege of Vera Cruz, in the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Molino del Ray, Cherubusco, and Chapultepec, and how they partook in the immense glory of entering — a handful of gallant men — the metropolis of Mexico.”

[*Speech at New York.*]

Protection to all fugitives from bonds,  
And conquered and dismembered by our arms,  
Solely to plant therein our Upas tree, —  
That on the limbs of millions yet unborn,  
The galling fetters may be made secure,  
And a vast market opened for the trade  
In human flesh, now limited and dull.

This is not all, O wise and prudent man !  
Thou couldst not utter even one poor word  
For the down-trodden here, because, forsooth !  
Thou art a foreigner ; and thy creed is,  
“ That every nation has the sovereign right  
To shape and regulate its own concerns,  
Unquestioned, unrebuked, by foreign tongues ” ! \*

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\* “ My principle is, that every nation has the sovereign right to dispose of its own domestic affairs, without any foreign interference. I, therefore, shall not meddle with any domestic concerns of the United States.” — [*Kossuth's Address to the People of the U. States.*]

“ I avail myself of this opportunity to declare once more, that I never did or will do anything, which, in the remotest way, could interfere with the matter alluded to, [American Slavery.] I have declared it openly several times, and on all and every opportunity, and I have proved to be as good as my word.” — [*Speech at the Citizens' Banquet at Philadelphia.*]

Strange doctrine this, and criminal as strange !  
Or art thou but a quibbler with thy words,  
Making a man of straw to knock it down ?  
The sovereignty of nations ! Well, what then ?  
May not their acts be questioned or denounced,  
By all on earth who deem them infamous ?  
May only Britons censure British crimes ?  
If Patagonians feed on human flesh,  
Have we no right to shudder at the deed ?  
What of the sovereignty of free-born souls —  
Their innate rights and just prerogatives ?  
What sea or shore puts limits to their sway ?  
By every law of Nature and of God,  
Each one may circumnavigate the globe,  
Visit all lands, and, wheresoe'er it finds  
System or practice, statute or command,  
Or form of government however called,  
Whether hereditary or elect,  
That it in conscience judges to be wrong,  
Unjust, tyrannical, may raise its voice  
In solemn protest, — though in strange attire,

Of foreign birth, in broken dialect,  
And boldly advocate "THE HIGHER LAW" !  
Whatever earthly power, combined in one  
Or many, nullifies this sacred right,  
Or makes its exercise a felony,  
Is in its spirit cowardly and base,  
Stands self-convicted as most tyrannous.  
The land that cannot tolerate free speech  
In every soul that treads upon its soil ;  
That for its institutions and its laws,  
Exemption claims from foreign scrutiny,  
Branding it as impertinent and rude,  
Not only makes disclosure of its shame,  
But indicates its conscious guiltiness.  
That land is ours, the guiltiest of all lands,  
And therefore the most sensitive and sore !  
Most needing bold arraignment and reproof,  
Not fulsome praise and sickening flattery.

The climax of thy abjectness was reached,  
When he who shared thy exile hither came,

Without a mask, the noble GYURMAN,  
 Whose pen and press in Hungary inspired  
 Thy countrymen to strike for liberty.  
 True to himself and freedom, here as there,  
 Once more a public journalist, he declared  
 His spirit never could be reconciled  
 To Slavery and Slave-hunting in our land ! \*  
 And for this manly act he was denounced  
 By thee, as injuring his country's cause,  
 Thy craven dumbness told to imitate,  
 Thy non-committal policy adopt,  
 And leave the flying bondman to his fate !

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\* Mr. ADOLPH GYURMAN, editor of a German newspaper in New York, entitled "DEMOKRATISCHER VOELKERBUND," having in his journal avowed his purpose to seek the abrogation of the Fugitive Slave Law, KOSSUTH caused a letter to be published, through his Secretary, reprobating the course of M. GYURMAN as "injurious to the interest of his own country, and in diametric opposition to Governor KOSSUTH's decidedly expressed opinion, as to the duty and policy of NON-INTERFERENCE IN SUCH QUESTIONS" (!!!)

These were M. GYURMAN's words, as given in the first number of his Journal : "The Slavery question. With regard to it, we consider the Compromise no settled solution, but a provisional law, for the abrogation of which, at least so far as the extradition of Slaves is concerned, we will employ all the means which a public organ can employ."

For this, most justly hast thou forfeited  
The confidence of Freedom's faithful friends,  
And blighted all the laurels on thy brow.

My painful task is ended, Magyar Chief !  
Now God decide between my soul and thine,  
Whether this sad impeachment be not just,  
And called for by a stern necessity.  
If I have wronged thee, pardon do I crave  
Of Him and thee, — intending only good,  
And ever vigilant lest the holy cause  
Of Liberty should detriment receive,  
Through sinful compromise or selfish aim ;  
Endeavoring to obey the high command,  
“ *Remember those in bonds as bound with them,*”  
Which whoso keeps in its integrity,  
Shall never falter in the trial-hour.

Boston, December 10, 1852.

## The Bell.

BY J. P. LESLEY.

"Funera plango, fulgura frango, Sabbathæ pango,  
Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, *paco cruentos.*"

It is idle to date the origin of the Bell from Italy, in A. D. 400. That was but the date of its introduction upon classic ground. The antiquity of nothing is more venerable. In the beginnings of ante-historic time, in the magic circle of Central Asia, among Arimasbian ironworkers, the Bell was born. It was symbolically holy in its birth, for it lay hardening for weeks in the womb of the mould its mother, and its sire was the sacred flame, worshipped by all the shivering children of the North. In itself, it was the holiest symbol known

to primeval man ; they baptised it and blessed it ; it became a living mountain in their eyes ; they hung it in towers that its voice might come down from above, chiming of celestial visitations ; it showered benedictions upon every newborn babe, calling them also from their seething moulds to a baptism of blessed life ; it followed with valedictions the departed to glory. It covered every church with a shekinah of music, in the light of which no evil wing could wave ; and to this day the pagodas of Burmah are buried in an old perpetual symphony of bells rung out by the winds whichever way they blow.

The sound of the Bell is connected with every form of traditional worship. It tinkled at the hem of Aaron's robe when he went in to stand before Jehovah, breaking there the awful silence of the Holy of Holies. It still tinkles before the altar in the churches of Christendom both Protestant and Catholic ; and is heard throughout all the regions of Northern and Central Asia, in every

Lamaserie. It is only in the extreme West that it has been banished from the churches and made a child's toy and degraded, like other and inferior symbols of the faith of the past, from its original honors, into a mere slave of the shop and the dining-room.

It does us good to freshen the imagination with a glance at the original use and meaning of familiar things. The bells that still swing from the necks of our cattle, were once powerful amulets to protect the scattered herd from mischievous spirits. Men cursed the robber, and drove out the devil "with candle, book, and bell." The camels of Sheba and Dedan were under the protection of bells; and the long hair oxen that carry merchandise from Lassa to Peking, and the caravans that cross the steppes of Tartary still wear bells. I have listened with ecstasy afar off to the great musical bells of herds descending in the autumn from the Alps. There is that left still unquenched in the hearts of men, which answers with deep emotion to this divine

sound. It is as if the race, grown old and practical, retains a memory of its earliest days, when some great Buddha first conceived the symbol of the bell and taught it to the wondering ears of men. The immensity of some existing bells, and records of the casting of others, show with what enthusiasm the idea was taken up by one race after another. The wealthy and the poor alike threw in their offerings, silver and gold and jewels, into the furnace, and kings and queens stood sponsors at the baptism. It is called a kirk or church, by the Germanic nations (*glocke*;) and divine service is actually performed on holy days in the great bell at Moscow.

In fact, the idea of the Bell is purely ecclesiastical, Tartarian, or Druidic. The Druid was the man of the Tor, and worshipped the oak, because it was a living tumulus or mountain, under which, as under his Celtic barrow, he could dwell in venerable solitude. For the same reason has the whole Druid or Tartar section of the human race

ever worshipped the bell. It is a mountain of metal full of life, a tumulus concealing a perpetual oracle. The clapper is the Druid himself, imprisoned in his Dolmen, like God in Heaven, like Law in Nature, warning, pleading, inviting, predicting, judging, ruling all things. Hence the significant ringings of bells adapted themselves to death also and burial. The bells could *toll* as well as chime, when the tumulus became for the bard and the baron a tomb. For the word *Tor*, a mountain, became in other dialects *Tel*, and also *Tom*, and every bell was once called a *Tom*. The English villagers still speak of the "Tom o' York," and the great "Tom o' Lincoln." The same idea gave birth to the architectural *Dome*, with the sacred *Cupola* upon its summit. As for the name *bell*, it bears a similar etymological relation to such words as *pole* and *pile* in English, *ball* and *bale*, and many such in foreign tongues used to express a single isolated mass or heap of substance, a miniature solitary mountain.

This ancientest of mountains, which so filled the imagination of the inventors of the Bardic element, in all known languages, was neither Sinai nor Sion, nor Athos nor Olympus, nor any Mount Tom in Europe or America, nor the awful Abu of India, nor surely the Mount Massis of Armenia, nor Mont Blanc, nor the great pinnacle of the Caucasus ; but that which each and every isolated Gibraltar, and every Druid barrow and Egyptian pyramid, and every Ba-Bel and Tem-Pel of the world was understood by ancient priesthoods to typify ; namely, that first and great original Ararat of Noah, reared in Thibet or elsewhere, surrounded in that day of wrath by the element of ruin the typhonic water, and surmounted by its tiny *protégé* the ark. Upon this primeval rock did universal worship build the ancient church, and all high places received their representative shrines. Hence spake the voice of God in History both warnings and blessings to the descendants of the prophet. The Bell became a symbol both of

the mount and of the voice ; sacred to the memory of the great woe and the great salvation, and therefore vocal both of praise and of prayer. Its solemn tones still call the weary and heavy laded crowds up from field and workshop, into the cathedral *navis* to confess their sins, receive absolution, and be comforted with the promises of Heaven. Dear to the heart of man is the voice of the mystic Bell.

Men of Reform are but a chime of bells. The advocates of Liberty are the Bells of the Future. Let them ring on. The tower rocks, cracks, and crumbles, but there is an immutability in the Bell. States, like walls built of imperfect and innumerable pieces, are ever rebuilding and improving, but the chime of holy voices rings out from the baptised oracular souls whom God has placed like bells in their high midst, unalterable tones, suggestive of the good old Past in the better Future ; tones like God, immutable, immortal, and invisible ; tones responsive to all events, public and private, of joy or sorrow, of praise or blame ; tones threatening

judgment, pleading for mercy ; hailing the birth of newborn heroes, and the death of martyrs ; bewailing the apostacy of the almost glorified ; appealing to the crowds in behalf of God and mankind and themselves.

Let the Bells ring on. And among them all your Liberty Bell. It was in virtue of a true Noachian or Druidic initiation into the original meaning of the Bell, as well as in the divinest poetry of love, that it was made to protect sailors from sunken reefs along lee shores :

“The worthy Abbot of Aberbrothock  
Floated the Bell on the Inch Cape rock ;  
When the rock was hid by the tempest's swell  
The mariners heard the warning Bell ;  
And then they knew the perilous rock  
And blessed the Priests of Aberbrothock.”

Let the Bell toll so long as the fog lasts, so long as the storm blows, so long as the fire rages, so long as the invaders of home and rights and life remain,

so long as patriots sleep and bad men rule and the cries of the oppressed ascend to God, — however long. And then let all Bells ring for joy that the State is safe, that men are free, that God has saved the world and the kingdom of Heaven has appeared.

This is the age of Iron it is true, but it is also the age of Bells. Never were so many cast, hot from the furnace of God's Love to Man, with great voices, sweetened with Gospel silver. Silver? — Yes, that also is a mystic word. It is the reverse of Iron, which in the language of the Jews is called Versil. Silver? Pity that our Liberty Bell were not all Silver! Not yet. No: in an iron age the bell to ring the tocsin for the world must be strong iron or rude brass, yet sweetened with Silver, prophetic of a silver age.

There is often violence in love; there is even a look of rudeness, sometimes, in the perfect Christ; it is but the strain of the muscles in flight or fight. We must not be over careful of elegance when

there is more work to do than workmen to do it. Diomedes and Glaucus exchange panoplies without thinking which is iron and which is gold. Thunder does not select its trees. There are ways on which it becomes antichrist to salute a man. Silver bells are for tea-tables. It is the bell that sounds loudest and fullest, not just that which is most musical, that is most useful in a London. Better be stunned than not hear, when the world is on fire.

I passed one evening, in my rambles years ago, the ancient Abbey of Jumièges, a solemn ruin, in an angle of the river Seine. Two gigantic Roman towers comfort each other still with mutual love and holy contemplations above a wide-spread wreck of choir walls and broken corridors. Trees have grown up in the aisles. Nature like Eternity is swallowing up the remnants of Art ; but those two wondrous towers stand like the angels of two milleniums, revolving the ways of God, neither sad nor rebellous, but venerable and wiser than the present.

Not far off men of the present have built a little church upon a hill, and a church tower, and in it hung a bell.

From a distant hill-side, I looked back, and saw the ancient towers. It was sunset. A cloud went over above and sprinkled a shower on the earth, at which there went up a rich smell gratefully to God. The green fields and darkening woods smiled suddenly; and the sky blushed its rosy pleasure. Men and women driving cows and goats, and carrying firewood, and spinning, greeted one another.

At that moment, it was six o'clock, and from afar through the air came the sound of the Bell. What magic was in the tone. At the first pulsation the world dissolved into an Elysium. The present past away; the ancient ages opened their mellowed atmosphere and shades of priests and heroes flitted through the near shadows and the distant rain streaks. The voice of the Bell was

the omnipresent spirit of the scene, the only all-pervading reality.

Such is the Voice of Truth. Through the arts and arms of life, through the atmosphere of civilization occasionally washed by the showers of Nature, through the perspective of one-sided knowledge, it fills all places instantly and all souls unutterably with its thrill, realising the forgotten past and the uncredited future, avouching immortality and immutability for itself and for the men of God, announcing the impotence of destiny, the beauty of ruin, the security of goodness forever. Like the first brooding spirit on the waters, it murmurs to itself at every new creation from the hand of God or God's vicegerent Man, a musical Bon ! Bon ! Beau ! Bel ! Good, very Good ! and Beautiful ! This is the true Bell sound.

Philadelphia, November, 1852.

Isolated - Perfect. Oct. 6<sup>th</sup>, 1905. G. W.